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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 29.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 22, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Lady Violet Poulett

The beautiful sister of Earl Poulett, whose claim as seventh Earl was successfully established last year before the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords against "Viscount Hinton," the organ-grinder

No. 29.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

Amusements

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40). "THE ORCHID." MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0. Doors open 1.40.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to o rectly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume II. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 22, 1904

Miss Corelli has hit upon the truth when she boldly turns round and declares that, if London is a pagan city, the fault lies far less with the laity than with the priesthood.

While London and other places embracing large populations are starving spiritually, the clergy, whose duty it is to minister to them, are engaged in a savage internecine strife. Their sense of proportion seems to have been destroyed, for they appear to be concentrating all their mental energy in discussing whether candles should be burned on the altar, whether incense is an act of disobedience to the Church of England according to King Edward VI., or whether a hundred and one other symbols are or are not permissible, instead of looking after their business—the guidance of their fellow-men and fellow-women.

The fight has waxed fast and furious. The people of England, meanwhile, are bystanders, sometimes amused, sometimes annoyed, according to their characters.

For what, after all, do these various symbols signify against the duties which the clergy neglect, owing to their time being taken up by these squabbles? Why do they not pause to consider what their *métier* really is? They should minister to our wants, and try to make this hard life more bearable, whenever possible, to the pilgrim who finds his load a heavy one. That, as a body, the ministry does not do this, is notorious.

If religion is failing, undoubtedly the fault lies with the clergy. Though there are, among the Church's ranks, hundreds of earnest and noble men who realise their vocation, they are, alas, in the minority. The fact is, the ministry is recruited from the wrong classes. The needy upper-middle class families send the greater number of their sons to join the Church's ranks, and, in most cases, after scrambling through a University degree which means his bread and butter, the budding ecclesiastic feels qualified to set forth and guide the world. He is equipped thus with a more or less sound classical education and a lean purse; he has learnt to appreciate the luxuries of life, and to look up to the powerful and wealthy, while he regards with mixed pity and—shall we say disdain?—the poor and helpless.

The man who alone is really qualified to assist and guide others is the man of the world. He requires broad views, a deep knowledge of man, and vast sympathies. A University education and an erudite tongue do not enter necessarily into the category of requisites. Christ did not seek His disciples from among the academic *savants* of the period. He looked for human qualities in them, which go for nothing in the ministry of to-day. London is pagan because her citizens have shrewdly balanced up the characters of her spiritual mentors, and found that the teaching given in the Churches is not worth hearing. Every man and woman at heart has a reverence for the Unknown, and always will have, but the difference between the crowded churches of past days and the neglected ones of to-day is that we realise that to show one's reverence for the Deity, one can appreciate better, perhaps, one's position in places other than a building supposed to be dedicated specially to God's service. For there Vanity Fair reigns supreme, and the sincerity of the words we mutter is perpetually contradicted by the worldly pomp and show around us.

The rumours which have lately been spread abroad that this journal is going to expire are rather amusing. To the mind of anyone who chooses to patronise current publications of the day, the success of our venture must come as no surprise. My colleagues who contribute weekly to THE BYSTANDER are, one and all, journalists of repute, and if anyone doubts whether the paper is a success or not, I say, "Keep your eyes open." Ask at Smith's bookstalls, and you will be told, as I was, that it is more in demand than any of its competitors. What better proof can one want?

KILLING A CANARD

Rumour, never wholly absent from the regions of Newspaperdom, looked in at Tallis Street last week, and informed us, to our mingled amazement and amusement, that we proposed voluntarily to put an end to ourselves. We inquired the reason, but Rumour, as is her custom, vouchsafed no reply and passed on. Lest the jade should pursue her evil mission into the homes of present and future readers, we at once kill the Canard, by the retort, "Ridiculous." At the risk of treating this entirely unfounded report too seriously, and, for mere form's sake, we may add that the proprietors of "The Bystander," never had better reasons than they have at present for continuing the smiling career of their lusty infant

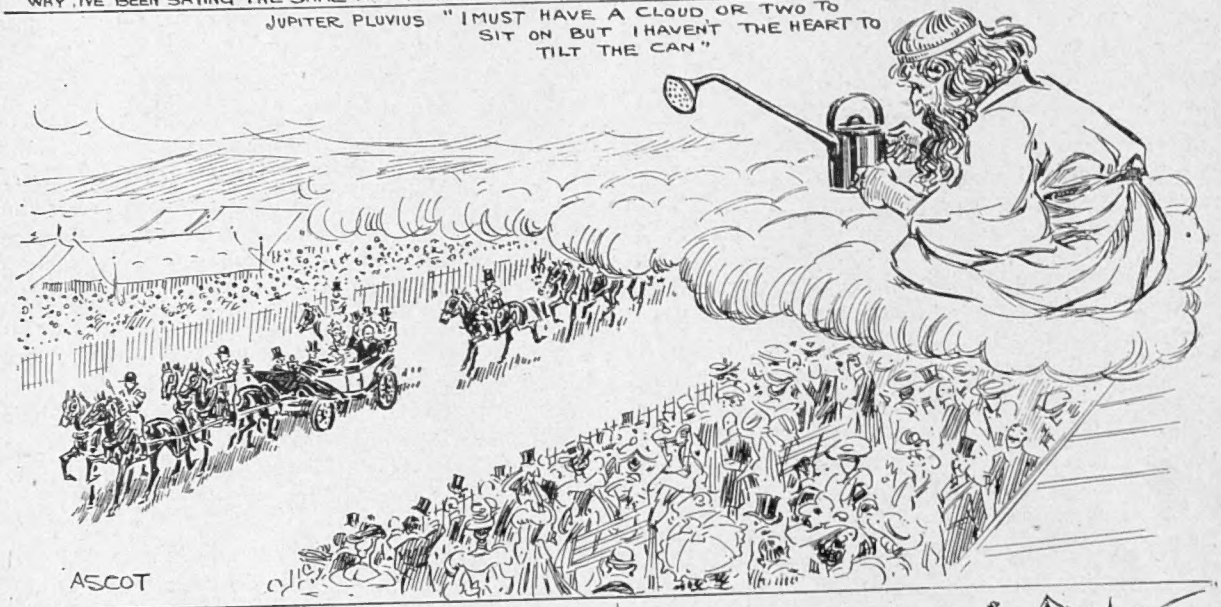
The Topictator

SOAP AND WATER IS A CRUDE AND DELETERIOUS COMPOUND TO APPLY TO THE FACE "CHIC"

MR WEARY (OF THE UNITED STATES) "SAY, FELLIES, THESE SASSIETY PAPERS MAKE ME TIRED WHY, IVE BEEN SAYING THE SAME THING FOR YEARS."

THE RUSSIAN PAPER "NOVOSTI" COMPARES THE ATTITUDE OF THE "NOVOE VREMYA" TOWARDS GREAT BRITAIN AT THE TIME OF THE BOER WAR WITH THE CORRECT ATTITUDE OF THE ENGLISH PRESS TOWARDS RUSSIA AT THE PRESENT TIME

JUPITER PLUVIUS "I MUST HAVE A CLOUD OR TWO TO SIT ON BUT I HAVENT THE HEART TO TILT THE CAN"

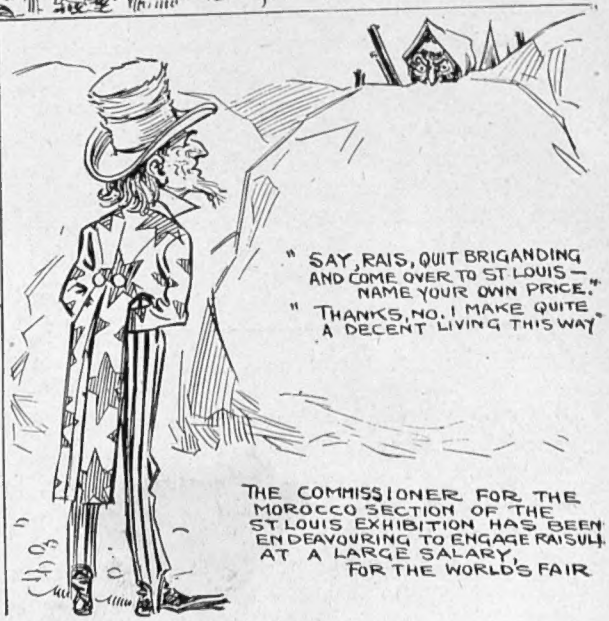


ASCOT

"ALREADY THE JAPANESE FORCES HAVE ENTERED THE OUTER DOOR OF THE CLEVERLY BAITED TRAP" VIODOMOSTI ST PETERSBURG

JUDGING BY PAST EVENTS IT LOOKS AS IF THE JAPANESE RAT WOULD NOT ONLY SWALLOW THE BAIT BUT THE TRAP AND EKE THE TRAPPER.

F.G.



"SAY, RAIS, QUIT BRIGANDING AND COME OVER TO ST LOUIS— NAME YOUR OWN PRICE."
"THANKS, NO. I MAKE QUITE A DECENT LIVING THIS WAY"

THE COMMISSIONER FOR THE MOROCCO SECTION OF THE ST LOUIS EXHIBITION HAS BEEN ENDEAVOURING TO ENGAGE RAISULI AT A LARGE SALARY, FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

"Pagan London"*

By MARIE CORELLI

London is "a pagan city." Such is the uncompromising verdict pronounced upon it by the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, of great St. Paul's. "A pagan city"—he says—"with churches glimmering here and there like fairy lamps twinkling in the spaces of darkness upon a lawn. Like fairy lamps, they serve to show the darkness rather than to illuminate it." It is in a manner striking and curious that the Archdeacon should have chosen such a simile as "fairy lamps" for the Churches. It was an unconsciously happy hit—no doubt absolutely unintentional. But it has described the Churches of to-day with marvellous exactitude. They are "fairy lamps"—no more!—only fit for show,—of no use in a storm—and quenched easily with a strong puff of wind. Fairy lamps!—not strong or steady beacons—not lighthouses in the rough sea of life, planted bravely on impregnable rocks of faith to which the drowning sailor may cling for rescue and haply find life again. Fairy lamps! Multiply them by scores, good Archdeacon!—quadruple them in every corner of this "pagan" city of ours, over which the heart of every earnest thinker must yearn with a passion of love and pity, and they shall be no use whatever to light the blackness of one soul's midnight of despair! "Pagan London"! The roaring, rushing crowd—the broad deep river of suffering, working, loving, struggling humanity, sweeping on, despite itself, to the limitless sea of Death,—every unit in the mass craving for sympathy, praying for guidance, longing for comfort, trying to discover ways out of pain and grief, and hoping to find God somehow and somewhere—and naught but "fairy lamps"—twinkling doubtfully, making the gloom more visible, the uncertainty of the gathering shadows more confusing and misleading!—"fairy lamps" of which the "Church of the Laodiceans", so strongly reproved by the "Spirit" in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, must have been the originator and precursor—"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth!"

It is perhaps to be doubted whether any Churchman, no matter how distinguished, learned, fashionable or popular, has any right to call London or any city which is under the Christian dispensation, "pagan." No one man can honestly say he has probed the heart of another,—and if this be true, as it undoubtedly is, still less can one man assume to judge the faith or the emotions of six million hearts—six million striving, working and struggling souls. That even a handful of the six million should still wander towards "fairy lamp" Churches, in the hope to find warmth and luminance for their poor lives in such flickering and easily quenched sparks of light, speaks volumes for the touching faith, the craving hope, the desire of ultimate good, which animates our "pagan" citizens. For, if after two thousand years of Christianity, some of them are still passionately asking to be taught and guided, still praying for strength and courage to fight against many natural besetting sins, and still seeking after such pure ideals of work and attainment as can alone make life worth living, it is not they, surely, who merit the term "pagan." They should not be so much blamed as compassionated, if, when searching for God's fair and open sunshine, they only stumble at the "fairy lamps", and, angered thereby, turn altogether away into the outer darkness. Such a term as "pagan" might be applied possibly with far more justice to their teachers and preachers, who, having all the means of help and consolation at their disposal, fail to perform their high duties with either power, conviction or effect. It is quite easy to say "pagan London"—but what if one spoke of "pagan clergy"? What of certain ecclesiastics who do not believe one word of the creed they profess, and who daily play the part of Judas Iscariot over again in taking money for a new betrayal of Christ? What of the ordained ministers of Christianity who are un-Christian in every word and act of their daily lives? What of the surpliced hypocrites who preach to others what they never even try to practise? What of the countless vicious and worldly clerical *bon-vivants*, who may be met with everywhere in the houses of wealthy and titled persons, "clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day," talking unsavoury society scandal with as much easy glibness as any dissolute "lay" decadent that ever cozened another man's wife away from the path of honour in the tricky disguise of a "Soul"? What of the spiteful, small-minded, quarrelsome little "local" parsons, who, instead of fostering kindness, neighbourliness, good-will and unity among their parishioners, set them all by the ears, and play the petty tyrant with a domineering obstinacy which is rather worse than pagan, being purely barbarous? Many cases could easily be quoted where the childish, not to say querulous, pettiness of a ruling vicar has helped to narrow, coarsen, and deteriorate the spirit of a whole community, spreading mean jealousies, fostering cheap rivalries, and making every soul in the place, from Sunday school children up to poor workhouse octogenarians, irritable, discontented, and unhappy. And if the word "pagan" be used at all, should it not be particularly and specially applied to those theatrical dignitaries of the Church whose following of the simple and beautiful doctrine of Christ consists in sheer disobedience to His commands—disobedience openly displayed in the ornate ritual and "vain repetitions" which Christ

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expressly forbade. "For all their works they do to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." And while "enlarging the borders of their garments" they institute "processional" services and promenades round the "fairy lamp" churches, with various altar-bobbings and other foolish ceremonies, caring nothing for the *spirit* of the faith, if only all forms and observances, imported from Rome, or from still older "pagan" rites than the Roman, namely, the Græco-Egyptian, may be in some way introduced into the simple and unaffected form of prayer authorised by the Church of England. Disloyal to both God and the King the "pagan clergy" are doing more at this present day to injure the cause of true religion among the masses than is any lack of zeal or want of faith that may exist in the people themselves. Who can blame sensible men and women for staying away from Church, when in nine cases out of ten they know that the officiating minister is less Christian, less enlightened, less charitable and kind-hearted than themselves? Canon Allen Edwards, in an admirable letter recently addressed to the Press, has put the case of "pagan London" very clearly. He says: "We do not want new Churches." True. No more "fairy lamps" are required for the general misleading of the straying sheep. He adds: "We want new men." This is the real need,—men! Men of thought—men of heart,—men of true conviction, ardent faith, passionate exaltation, and unceasing devotion,—men who will not play about with "show" services, like amateur actors in a charity performance,—but who will sincerely care for and sympathise with their fellow-creatures, and will offer up the prayer and praise of humanity to an all-wise Omnipotence with that deep heartfelt fervour which is always expressed in the utmost simplicity of form and language,—men who have the intelligence to understand intelligent people, and who are as able to deal sympathetically with the spiritual troubles and perplexities of an educated person as with those of the ill-taught and frequently ill-fed rustic,—men who, if they preach, can find something to say of the marvels of this God-born creation of which we are a part—who will teach as well as admonish,—and who will take reverent care not to set the Almighty Creator within a small circle of their own special form of orthodoxy, and condemn every creature that wanders outside that exclusive "fairy lamp" enclosure. Canon Allen Edwards further remarks that "The reason why the working classes do not go to Church is the same reason why I do not go to the Derby, not because I think it wrong, for I have no opinions on the subject, but because I have no interest in the things that go on there. And this is the reason, and no other, why many men do not go to Church. They are not interested in what is done there. . . . . A large number of those who are going into the ministry to-day are, for one most essential part of their work, entirely without the first elements of equipment. They cannot preach, and they are not helped to try and learn, and yet preaching is that very part of their work for which the people expect, and have a right to expect, equipment of the highest order." The Canon says: "they cannot preach." That is true enough, but why? I maintain that if they *felt* their mission, they could preach it. If they loved their fellow-creatures a thousand times better than themselves, as they should do, they would find much of greatness, beauty and truth to say! If they honoured and worshipped their Divine Master as they profess to honour and worship Him, there would be little lack of spirit or of eloquence! People always know when a speaker or a preacher is *in earnest*. He may have a faulty utterance—his elocution may be far from perfect, but if the *heart* attunes the voice, the voice carries. There are many noble clergy—but they are fewer than the ignoble of the same calling. And many there are, not only ignoble in themselves, but who attempt to pervert their very Churches to illegitimate uses. I quote the following from a letter addressed to me on one occasion by a well-known, I will not say notorious, "minister" of the Gospel.

"As the vicar of one of the largest parishes in England, I am often put to it how best to attract to the Church the careless and the indifferent. Though a very strong High Anglican, I am an intense believer in the Priesthood of the Laity. It is the one weak spot in the Church's system that she does not, as do the non-conformists, make sufficient use of and properly appreciate the services of her lay members. It has occurred to me therefore this year that by way of a start in this direction I should ask the help of certain leading people in the Literary, Dramatic and Artistic worlds. My friend, Madame X. has already made a beginning by reciting two poems in my Church, and thereby moving intensely a congregation of upwards of 3,000 people." Now Madame X. was and is a well-known actress, and she recited the two poems in question *from the Chancel steps at the conclusion of the Sunday evening service.* I am told, (though for this I will not vouch), that money was taken at the Church doors, and seats reserved and paid for, precisely as if the sacred building had been suddenly metamorphosed into a theatre or music hall. It never seemed to occur to the reverend gentleman who is the proprietor of this once "consecrated" building that if he could not attract to his Church "the careless and indifferent," the fault probably lay in himself and his general unfitness. As a "very strong High Anglican" he would naturally have leanings towards the theatre and its lime-light effects, and *certes* the "Priesthood of the Laity," whatever may be meant by that term, is more to be believed in than the priesthood of this particular ordained "priest" who instituted and encouraged a kind of stage recital from the steps of a sacred chancel, where the actor or actress concerned, was invited to declaim his or her lines, with back turned to the Altar, the Communion-table serving as the "scenery." Such men as these are the real "pagans," and they do infinite harm to the dignity and purity of the Christian doctrine, by their unworthy and debasing example. Churches under their dominance are less than "fairy lamps" in their influence for good,—they are the mere flare of stage footlights, showing up the grease-paint and powder of the clerical mime.

A deep religious sentiment lies at the hearts of the British people, as indeed of all peoples in the world. No nation, small or great, was ever entirely

given over to atheism. If atheism and indifference affect a few, or even a majority of persons the fault is assuredly with those who are elected to teach "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." They are chosen out and solemnly ordained to be the friends, lovers and guides of humanity, — not to be selfish pedants, quarrelsome quidnuncs, and bigoted despots, exposing themselves as they often do, to the righteous scorn, as well as to the careless contempt of the more honest laity. When they show themselves unworthy, the people fall away. When a minister of religion appears as co-respondent in a divorce case, tens of thousands of men and women turn their backs on the Church. When anything low, mean, despicable or treacherous is said or done by a professing "servant of Christ" the evil word or deed from such a source makes Christianity a byword to many more than the merely profane. When great dignitaries of the Church sit wine-bibbing at "swagger" dinner-parties, relating questionable or "spicy" anecdotes unfitting for the ears of decent women, they have not only lost caste themselves, but have laid all the brethren of their order open to doubt. "Example is better than precept." We have all written that in our school copybooks,—and nothing has ever happened, or ever will happen, that is likely to contradict the statement. If London is indeed a "pagan" city, as Archdeacon Sinclair solemnly declares from under the shadowy luminance of his own big "fairy lamp," St. Paul's Cathedral, then the clergy, and the clergy alone are responsible. On their "ordained" heads be it! For 'pagan' people are merely the natural outcome of a 'pagan' priesthood.

Marie Corelli.

The Author of the Phrase "Pagan London"

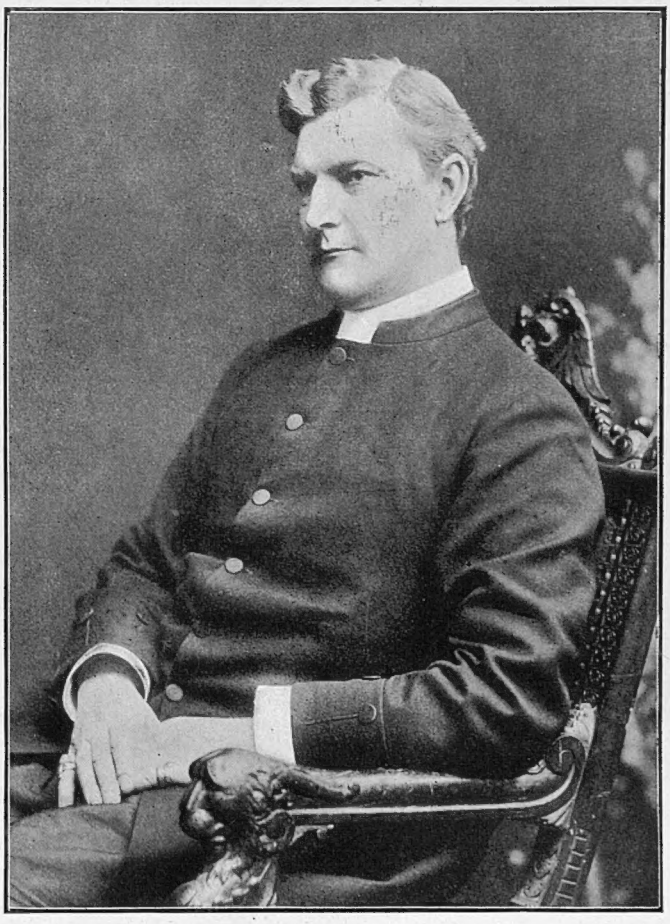


Photo by *Russell*

Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair. D.D., Archdeacon of London

Whose stirring address on "Pagan London," at St. Sepulchre's Church, Saturday, June 9, raised a controversy which has spread throughout the country, and is dealt with by Miss Marie Corelli in the article above.

Next Week the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's Article will be "The Decay of Hospitality."

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Countess Howe

Countess Howe, whose inopportune attack of illness necessitates her retirement from Society in the very height of the season, is one of the brilliant group of Churchill sisters, which includes the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Baroness Wimborne, Baroness Tweedmouth, and Lady Sarah Wilson, each of whom, on her wedding day, appeared in the bridal attire usually associated with Royal Princesses, wearing evening dress and a veil thrown back from the face. Lady Howe is a notable all-round sportswoman, being a first-rate shot and renowned for her prowess in the hunting field. She also handles the ribbons most efficiently, and can drive a four-in-hand in splendid style, at one time being a conspicuous figure in Hyde Park, where she used to appear, seated on the box of a high drag, and wearing a scarlet coat ornamented with the buttons of her hunt. Like her sister, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Howe is very intimate with all the members of the Royal family. A few days before the King's serious illness, at the time of the postponed Coronation, she entertained their Majesties to dinner at Curzon House, Mayfair, where she achieved the triumph of having her dining-room beautifully decorated with roses for dinner, which were transformed by supper-time, by a magic agency, into lovely masses of geranium. Lady Howe is not merely a Society woman, she is a great reader, and possesses a clear-headed intellectuality and talent for organisation which recalls her brother, the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

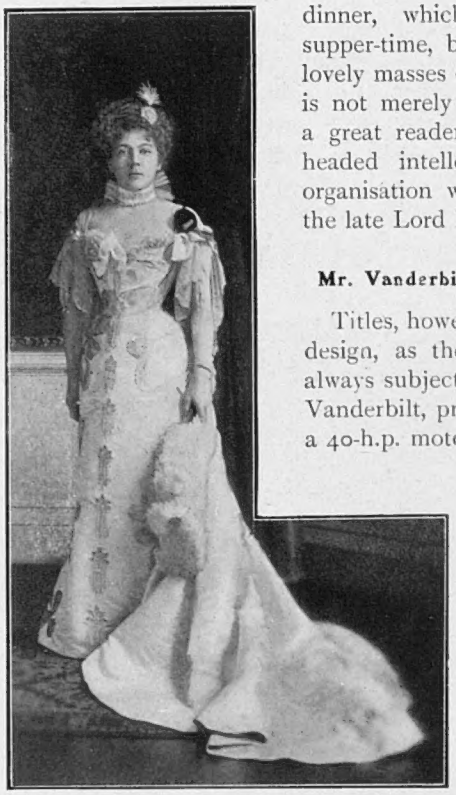


Photo by **Countess Howe** *Thompson*

Who has been compelled by illness to give up all her social engagements

Mr. Vanderbilt's "Hard-boiled Egg"

Titles, however quaint and original in design, as the catalogues say, are not always subject to discipline. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, proud in the possession of a 40-h.p. motor-boat, which he declared "could not be beat," facetiously christened it the *Hard-boiled Egg*. This jest of ill-omen recoiled upon the unhappy head of the maker, for, at the first Regatta of the American Power Boat Association in Manhasset Bay, the "Hard-boiled Egg," in fractious mood, was first nearly cracked, and then quite beaten. Mr. Vanderbilt just averted the first process by turning the helm of the *Hard-boiled Egg* hard over to prevent it crashing into a Pan-hard boat. One's sympathy

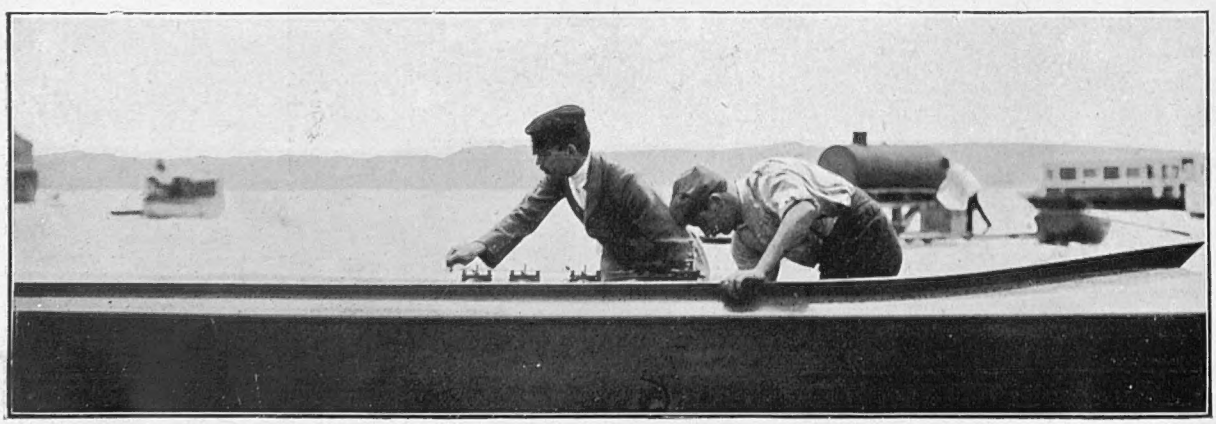


Photo by *Pictorial News Co.*

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt in his new 40 h.-p. Motor Boat, "Hard-boiled Egg"

with Mr. Vanderbilt's ill-luck is tempered with the conviction that one bad joke deserves another. If he insists on conjuring with eggs, he must bear the yoke.

M. Edmond Rostand in his Home at Cambo

M. Edmond Rostand may indeed consider himself a proud and lucky man, standing, as he does, at the age of thirty-six, in the front rank of contemporary French dramatists and poets. He is the youngest member of the French Academy, and when in June last—after taking his seat for the first time in this august assembly of French talent—he returned from Paris to his beloved Cambo, he found the villagers awaiting him with torches and music, and the whole country around illuminated in his honour. M. Rostand is building himself a new villa on the Bayonne road, which in point of architecture will be pure Basque, but in its interior, truly Parisian. Some of the leading artists from Paris are engaged in the work, and its cost will be quite forty thousand pounds. The first impression, when meeting M. Rostand, is, that you have before you a typical Parisian, faultless in his dress, with the red ribbon of an officer of the Legion of Honour, as a matter of course, in his buttonhole. But soon you feel yourself irresistibly attracted by his personality. His head unmistakably reveals the artist, the thinker, the poet. His work is chiefly done at night. He rises late. In his spare time he takes a ride on his favourite Arab. In his distinguished and talented wife, M. Rostand possesses a sympathetic helpmate in all his work. He has two charming sons, showing already hereditary talent. Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt are the poet's truest friends, and often visit him. Much may yet be expected from the pen of the illustrious author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *L'Aiglon*, and *La Samaritaine*.

Photo by *Reutlinger*

M. Edmond Rostand

The eminent French dramatist, of whose works *Cyrano de Bergerac* is perhaps best known to English playgoers

"Uraldia," M. Rostand's beautiful Villa in Cambo-les-Bains, nine miles from Bayonne

Photo by **Kaid Sir Harry Maclean** [*Avery*

Head of the Moorish Army

Kaid Maclean

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, reports of whose illness have lately reached us, is an ex-officer of the British Army, having formerly been in the 69th Foot. For nearly thirty years he has lived in Morocco, and, next to the Sultan, Sir Harry Maclean is perhaps the best known and most widely respected person in lawless Morocco. Not only has he drilled the Moorish Army into some semblance of a disciplined body, but he has been the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Moors in every question, difficult or otherwise, which has brought them into touch with Europe. His last visit to England was made in 1901, when he escorted the Moorish Embassy to this country. The following tribute, from one who knows the Kaid personally, sums up the splendid work Sir Harry Maclean has passed the better portion of his days in carrying out: "In dress the Kaid is Moor; at heart he is British to the core," says Mr. Wentworth Huyshe. "He has upheld the British name and fame with signal success in the most exclusive, most isolated, and, with the exception perhaps of China, most hostile country in which a white man can live. Courage, tact, and temper have conquered for him, in a lonely and difficult position, the esteem and reverence of a race instinctively hostile to Europeans."

Jules I. of France

Not, you will say, a very regal-looking monarch, and anything but a palatial residence, and yet Jules, son of Théoduline Menetrier, declares and believes himself to be a direct descendant of the ill-fated Duc de Berri, the oldest living representative of the elder Bourbon branch, and calls himself

Jules Ier
Roy Légitime de France

upon his visiting card, and signs his letters Jules de Bourbon d'Artois de France. He lives over a courtyard, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the British Embassy in Paris, and has a stock of documents to show that his father, Jules de Bourbon Bretagne, who married Théoduline Menetrier, a beauty of the Empire, was recognised as the legitimate descendant of the Bourbon branch. At present, the Pretender is desperately poor. He is a man of about fifty-five, not, in spite of his poverty, undignified of aspect, and with eyes of the true Bourbon blue. He lives upon a pension of 400 francs a year, granted him by the Government, and, by profession, is an architect, though, by his own statement, he now does very little work.

Photo by *Raphael*

Jules I., Pretender to the French Throne

In his humble apartments over a courtyard in the Faubourg St. Honoré

Muley Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco

The troubles in Morocco are not yet over. Following on the Perdicaris kidnapping affair come repo ts of a proposed revolution to overthrow the youthful Muley Abdul Aziz, who is reproachfully termed "The European Su't n." His authority over his unruly subjects is declared to be so feeble th t the lives of European residents are in imminent danger. Meanwhile the Sultan is demonstrating his predilection for Eu opean institut'ons by the pride he takes in his new motor-car

Lord Dundonald

One cannot help feeling regret at the unpleasant misunderstanding (to put it mildly) with the Canadian Government, which has culminated in Lord Dundonald being relieved of his command of the Canadian Militia. Perhaps the whole gist of the situation lies in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's words, that they were "not accustomed to being dragooned in Canada." Lord Dundonald is a soldier, accustomed to command, and with the soldier's intense objection to outside interference. Few men have served their country more conscientiously and thoroughly, and it will be remembered that, only this spring, his sense of duty prevented him leaving his post in the Dominion to be present at the marriage of his daughter to the Master of Belhaven, which took place on the anniversary of the relief of Ladysmith, an event for ever associated with her father's name. Lord Dundonald is a fine-looking man, and well deserves the epithet of "dashing"; he also possesses considerable mechanical genius, and is the inventor of the quick-firing gun, the cape cart, and the "Instra," which proved such a boon to our men during the Dargai campaign, when the intense cold was often sufficient nearly to freeze them to death. This talent for mechanics is probably an inheritance which Lord Dundonald derives from that ancestor of his, Lord Cochrane, who invented an infernal machine during the Napoleonic wars, which was rejected by the Admiralty as being too "barbarous, fiendish, and horrible" to be employed against a Christian enemy.

Photo by **Mr. Clement Scott in his Study** [*Russell*

The veteran dramatic critic, who, of late, has been compelled, through illness, to give up his writing, will be the recipient to-morrow of a grand benefit *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre. The programme contains the names of all the leading members of the profession. Sir Henry Irving will, at this *matinée*, make his first and only appearance before the London public this year

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Jack White, of Sunningdale

Open Golf Champion for 1904

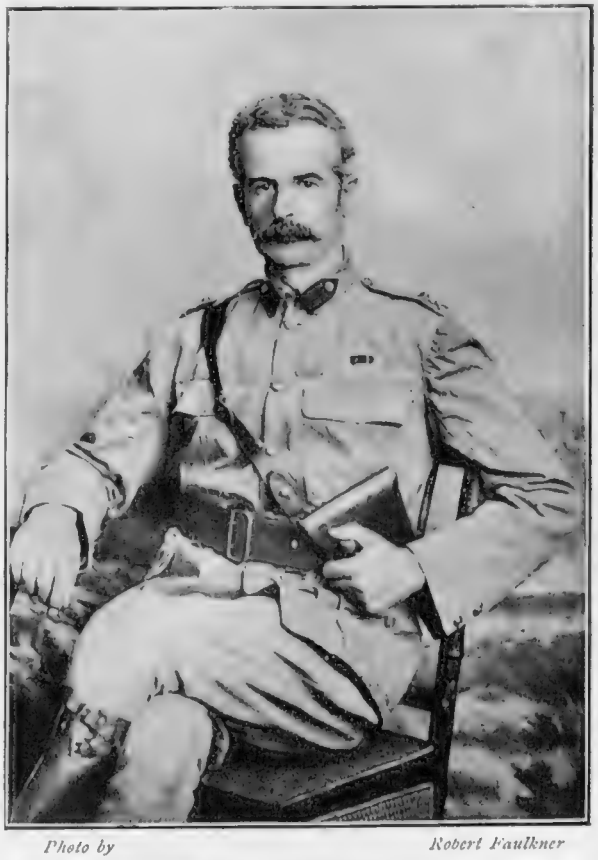


Photo by *Robert Faulkner*

The Earl of Dundonald, C.B.

Whose dispute with Mr. Fisher, the Canadian Minister for Agriculture, has culminated in his being relieved of the command of the Canadian Militia

Without Apology

We wish the young men who compose newspaper Contents Bills would sometimes consider our feelings a little.

It was on the final day of the Open Golf Championship that one of the evening papers came out with the placard:

GREAT DRIVE OF RUSSIANS.

But our fears were groundless. Another golf championship had not gone out of the country; the placard had reference merely to the war.

It is stated that, at present, skipping is all the rage in Society. We hear, however, that the strongest opposition to the craze is likely to be forthcoming from one body, many of the members of which have considerable social standing. We refer, of course, to the Society of Authors.

Dowie has gone! The Ineffable Presence has been withdrawn, and London has returned to slumber in sin. Once again, as the poet hath it, "All that mighty heart is lying still." But we shall not easily forget. Even the last three words of the line quoted above somehow, and in a strange, elusive way, remind us of John Alexander. He, too, is lying still.

We have to admit, however, that Dowie had a genuine grievance against the hotel managers who refused him accommodation. There surely was something savouring of ingratitude in refusing to take in one who all his life has refused no one, but taken in all.

According to the *Country Gentleman*, at the shore end of a jetty at an Isle of Wight watering-place, may be seen the following notice:

"Any person attempting to come on this jetty without paying his toll or insulting the collector is liable to a fine of forty shillings."

Before accepting the only alternative to paying either the toll or incurring the fine, we should prefer to see the collector.

The St. Petersburg Press sees, in Japan's silence, indications of Russian victories. "If they had any new successes they would have cried them aloud from the housetops." There never was such a nation as Russia for looking at the bright side of things.

We are unable to confirm the rumour that the Chantrey Bequest is to be reorganised under the title of the "Academy Painters' Provident Fund."

Much interest has been caused by "J. A. H.'s" statement that nine successful novels, printed in America on wood pulp paper are estimated to have swept away 4,000 trees. This method of stating the case puts us in mind of a well-known advertisement. There is surely a suggestion here worthy of the consideration of an enterprising publisher. Mr. Heinemann, for instance, who will produce Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, might advertise a call for a second edition by means of a sketch of two great trees, the one saying to the other, "I hear they want more 'Prodigal Son.'"

One day recently we were reading eulogistic reviews of the first novel of a brilliant new writer, Mr. Percival Gibbon. The day following we discovered from an article in the *Daily Mail* that Mr. Gibbon was representing that journal at St. Petersburg. This, we believe, is not the first time for the *Mail* to place its special correspondence in the hands of clever writers of fiction.

Baboo English from Burma

A Mandalay correspondent writes:—The eccentricities of Baboo English are fairly well-known to the British public, but it may be news to some of your readers that the native of Burma who has studied our language runs the Bengalee pretty close in the matter of producing the most amazing combinations of the King's English. The accompanying application for a clerkship, which I received this morning would, I fancy, be pretty hard to beat—even by the typical Baboo:

SIR,

Existence of local news regarding competent clerks to be engaged shortly for your office creates pleasure in a certain degree to some English speaking men unemployed and myself: local news has generally a tendency to certainty or uncertainty, but this news which exists with a moderate force seems substantial to me by inference, especially running the matter on the status of your business, I should therefore accordingly interprete it into fact so far as it relates to requirement of good hands on entire completion of your work. For this purpose I now feed my appetite with satisfaction of respectfully submitting this my application before hand for one of the posts, you may deem fit to bestow upon me in accordance with the weight in the shape of literature with which I am concerned.

At present I am holding a teacher's post in a private school; but, in the way of bettering my prospects, your department, I believe, will prove effectual to me; hence this my application.

As this is the result of my own profoundity, I strongly believe that there will be no difficulty for you to be convinced of my Candidature.

Copies of my passed certificates are herewith appended which I humbly beg to request the favour of your kindly going through with forbearance.

In conclusion, I again solicit you to kindly garble me, singled with other applications and compare my out-turns with those of them through your telescopic sense provided you require men of liberal soil of education.

I beg to remain,
Sir,
Your most humble servant
MAUNG SHWE PAW.

THE FIGHTING IN TIBET

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE LAND OF THE LAMAS

General Ma

General Ma, whose name has been such a source of amusement to English readers, is the Chinese official in Tibet

Captain Parr and General Ma

Captain Parr is our Chinese Commissioner. One is tempted to hope that with such a happy combination of names the Tibetan affair will wind up in the most approved manner usual to "Family Jars"

The 32nd Pioneers taking possession of Gyangtse Jong

On April 12 the British Mission reached Gyangtse, within 120 miles of Lhasa, where they are at present encamped. The great "Jong," or castle, seen in our illustration, is only one of several at this place, which is the second most populous centre in Tibet. Those who have been following the fortunes of the Mission by means of the daily papers, will be aware that some of the most serious fighting has taken place near this spot. The fort has been dismantled and rendered useless to the Tibetans. The camp of the Mission is about 1,000 yards away

Colonel Macdonald's Force attacking the Tibetan position near Kangma on April 10

The Tibetan position is on the high ridge to the left, in which they had mounted a cannon. Our illustration shows the 32nd Pioneers extended in front of a mountain battery which was about to shell the position from the right spur

Sepoys taking refuge behind the rocks from the shells of the enemy

This is another view of the action described above. Having got the range of the British position, the Tibetans fired a few shots and then retired to beyond Kangma, leaving the path open for the Mission to follow. There were no casualties among the forces of the Mission, which advanced to Kangma and reached Gyangtse, its final destination, two days later

The British Mission crossing the River during the engagement below Kangma

Mr. Stayden, geologist, is seen just leaving the stream. Behind him, in the order of progression, follow Captain Ryder, R.E., Colonel Younghusband (on a white pony with check saddle-cloth), Captain Walton, I.M.S., Captain Parr, Chinese Commissioner, and Captain Cowie, R.E. It was at Kangma quite recently that a sepoy of the 2nd Ghurkas stood alone and faced an onslaught of 700 Tibetans, killing five before he was himself cut down by a Tibetan swordsman

The Village of Nai-ni, six miles from Gyangtse-Jong

When the British Mission first entered the village the natives acted in a very friendly manner, bringing out milk and food for the troops. Since then, however, the attitude of the natives has changed, and the village has been strongly held by the Tibetans, who fight in every engagement with desperate courage

FROM ABROAD

The Paris Flower Battle

It lasted two days, and although, at the close of the second, rain came down in sheets with disastrous effect, it was wonderfully successful, resulting in a sum running well into four figures in sterling for the Victims of Duty, a fund over which President Loubet and Monsieur Lépine, the Police Prefect, preside. From the early morning of the first day the Métro. received a living stream of onlookers and combatants, and its carriages, as afternoon drew on, became like moving flower-beds, for every passenger carried armfuls of pæonies — white, red, and pink — of roses, cornflowers: flowers of every kind. Up the Champs Elysées, and from the fashionable streets of the Monceau Quarter, rolled a continuous stream of beautifully decorated victorias, landaus, fours-in-hand, and automobiles, and as they neared the Bois, and reached the entry to the *fête*, the sight was one not easy to forget. The acacias in the avenue are still in flower, and their white blooms were beautifully set off by garlands of green foliage, which festooned the avenue, with great red and white pæonies upon backgrounds of vari-tinted leaves. At intervals, great lozenges of leaves and flowers formed triumphal arches, beneath which, at a foot pace, rolled the carriages, filled to the brim with lovely living freights of flowers, real and metaphorical. The

La Belle Otéro throwing a Bouquet
Mme. Otéro, whose victoria was garnished with red and yellow roses, won one of the first prizes

Madame La Duchesse de Claverie
Whose decorated carriage gained a first prize

War Office had lent the services of several military bands, and there were well over two thousand carriages in all, including a large number of electric automobiles, which were this year admitted for the first time. I will not even try to give you an idea of the Battle. Imagine, if you can, two slowly moving lines of beautifully decorated vehicles of every kind, from the great four-in-hand, from the roof of which a bevy of laughing daughters of fair Albion bombard their friends, and are bombarded by them, to little pony carriages, with white dressed children in them. Imagine two thick phalanxes of infantry, all in their smartest and their best, and over all the merry ripple of sweet laughing voices, the scent of flying flower petals, and a sky of summer blue. Not a carriage, not a cab even, but bears its tribute to the goddess Flora, and many vehicles, decorated with a charm

Mme. Solange in her Cabriolet

Blue hortensia was used to decorate this carriage, which gained a Prix d'honneur

M. and Mme. de Nangis

A young married couple who gained a first prize and a banner of white silk and gold for their beautifully decorated landau

and with a care that must have given their fair owners days of study. Where all were so good it was hard to pick the best, but Madame Otéro, in a victoria garnished with red and yellow roses, won a first prize, and proved a doughty combatant. Mademoiselle Dorgère won a prize of honour for her magnificent electric automobile, built into the form of a swan out of white pæonies. Madame Solange, another, for a cabriolet of blue hortensia, and Mesdemoiselles Marconi, for their orchid-decorated victoria Another first prize went to Madame la Duchesse de Claverie, and Monsieur and Madame de Nangis, lately wedded, were the recipients of a first prize and a banner of white silk and gold. The second day, the Sunday, was marked by an even larger crowd than Saturday; but, as before stated, at five o'clock the rain came down, and so the battle ended. But, in the words of our childhood's friend, old Kaspar, "it was a glorious victory."

"At the Sign of the Times"

ENGLAND OF THE RAILWAY POSTER

The Railway Managers' England

Every day now the science of advertising is making rapid strides. It is not, of course, an exact science, like Mathematics, Tariff Reform, and Military Criticism; but it pays. And, as a consequence, even railway companies have of late shaken off their old-fashioned, dignified reserve, and given a glimpse (if a glimpse may be said to be given by front-page advertisements) into the mysteries of the places to which holiday-makers, their families and their luggage—provided it be not overweight—can be transported for a trifling consideration. This is very creditable of the railway companies.

Alps, Fiords, Lagoons

At the same time, a protest is necessary in the interests of English physical geography. The idea of English scenery as unique may have been an insular one, but I maintain that it was more accurate than the idea of English scenery as an impossible hash of all the chief European tourist resorts. According to the railway descriptions, our South Coast, for instance, consists of the Riviera (Cornwall), the Fiords (of South Devon), the English Bay of Naples (at Weymouth), the Hampshire Dardanelles (which separates the Isle of Wight, I believe, from the mainland), and the Sussex Trouville —otherwise Brighton.

Cocoanut Shies

In Derbyshire, the British Alps begin, and spurs of the same crop up in Wales, Cumberland, and Hampstead Heath, where, however, guides are not necessary. Besides enjoying the mountain breezes on these heights, you can study English municipal life or the Welsh Education Acts or sheep-dog trials. If you are rather for the gaiety and animation of life in cathedral cities, the English Rome should be the object of your pilgrimage; whereas the mere seeker after repose ought to try the lagoons of Norfolk. National costumes and cocoanut shies may be found on the banks of the English Seine at Rosherville Gardens or Southend.

Are Tourists Imposed Upon?

All this sort of thing, which I have scarcely exaggerated, is advertisement gone mad. It may cajole a few innocents for a little. It is certainly no recommendation to those who know. Nor, as it seems to me, should it be necessary to entice Englishmen into seeing their own country by grandiose pseudonyms. Frenchmen are not allured to their own *landes* by hearing them called the steppes of Gascony; the Riviera would not attract them more if it were called the Mediterranean Cornwall. They visit these places because there are no places like them; and it is a good enough reason to my mind

In Praise of an English England

Well, there is nothing like the mouth of the Dart either, nor anything lovelier than the bays of South Devonshire generally. But one might as well compare them to the Suez Canal as to the Scandinavian fiords. What do we know of England indeed, who can suffer our railway managers to talk of the Norfolk Broads, as though coral insects inhabited them, and mangoes fringed their shores? But enough of this topic. It is seldom of any use trying to convert railway managers.

The Privileges of the Modern Traveller

Apart from misleading statements such as the above, the modern tourist has not much to complain of. I notice that he "can afford to laugh at the weather," provided he takes with him a certain publisher's books; and that he can afford to laugh (perhaps a little less loudly) at the cuisine of his seaside apartments, if he takes with him Somebody's pills. Some other benefactor's flannels will ward off colds in the head, enteric fever, and most mortal ills; while, no matter to what remote hamlet he has fled, the *Times* will—on certain conditions—be forwarded to him.

Concerning Mr. Duss

It was recently announced that Mr. Duss, "the millionaire leader of a band well known throughout the United States," has determined to lead his band to Palestine, and give a concert upon Mount Olivet. What a pity it is that Anti-Semitism should have gained such ground in America! Perhaps, however, Mr. Duss is only anxious to discourage the Zionist movement. He has suggested the following quatrain:

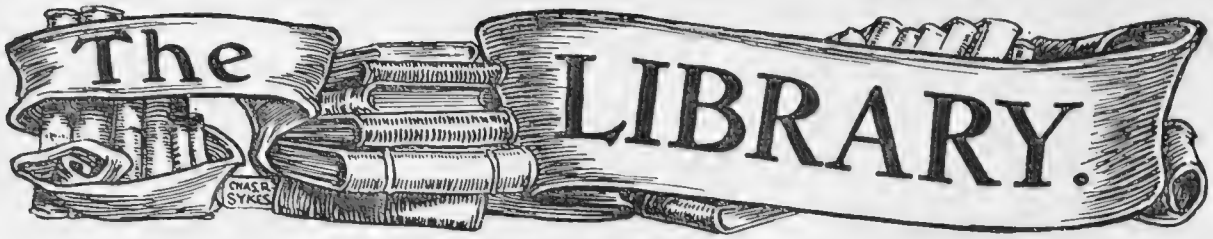
> Since, when the Israelities did blow,
> Down went the walls of Jericho:
> Mount Olivet will scarcely stand
> The strains of Mr. Duss's band.

This is to assume, of course, that Mr. Duss conducts with the vigour of his compatriot, Sousa.

And Dr. Dowie

"And peace be multiplied with thee, Doctor." Such was the greeting offered by a *Daily Chronicle* representative to the most recent of Elijahs before proceeding to interview him at great length for that journal. It sometimes takes me nearly half an hour to remember that once upon a time the *Daily Chronicle* was a penny paper.

MINIMUS.



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"William Cecil, Lord Burghley" (Historical Monograph Series). By Dr. Jessop. (Messrs. Jack: 42*s.* net.)

"The French Revolution." Vol. viii. of the "Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton. (Cambridge University Press: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Harry Furniss at Home." Another volume of reminiscences by the well-known artist. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.)

NEW FICTION

"The Crossing." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Amblers." By the late B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"Spinners of Life." By Vance Thompson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Master"

WHISTLER AS I KNEW HIM. By Mortimer Menpes. (London, 1904: Black.)

It is really difficult to say whether this beautiful volume belongs rather to the realm of Literature or Art; the hundred and fifty-three pages of text devoted to the great painter and his circle are counterbalanced by a hundred and twenty-five full-page plates, many in colours, of which all but eight are reproductions of Whistler's own works. These are an unusually interesting series, particularly the etchings, since they illustrate remarkably well the methods of the artist, and the great care he took to secure a harmonious effect. For instance: we are given five stages of the engraving "Maude"—four trial proofs and the final stage. So much has been said and written about Whistler as an artist that it will be as well to say no more than this about the illustrations. For the text, there is, perhaps, no one who could have written such a successful appreciation of the artist as Mr. Menpes.

As pupil, friend, and constant associate of Whistler, he fell completely under the spell of his remarkable personality, and it is safe to say that no truer admirer either of the man or the artist exists. But he did not allow his own individuality to become dominated by that of his master, as is proved by his parting from the latter in order to study art in Japan, though the story of his departure reads more like the escape of a criminal, so fearful was he of having to face "the Master's" wrath. As everyone knows, the individuality, some would even say eccentricity, of Whistler's art had its counterpart in his character. With regard to the latter, it is impossible to find a single word which expresses at the same time its fantastic nature and its power. The author remarks how Whistler could always, by degrees, engross the attention of a whole room, simply by sitting in a chair and talking in an ordinary voice to a friend. Almost everyone with whom he came in contact felt his power. An amusing illustration is the following:

> Whistler decided that the decorations for this exhibition should be of flesh-colour and grey alone. He insisted upon the colour scheme overflowing a little into Bond Street and oozing out *viâ* the "chucker-out," whose uniform was to be grey with flesh-colour facings. After a month of standing outside Whistler's show, the man was touched with the Master's enthusiasm. Eventually he became one of his most earnest students. He was constantly to be heard expounding Whistlerian theories to his open-mouthed cronies round the corner. I overheard him one day asking a superior if he should clean the "toney" from off the windows—"dirt" being absent from Whistler's vocabulary—a word which was always translated into "tone." The poor fellow was completely demoralised when the exhibition was over. Feeling that he was quite unfitted for his career as "chucker-out," he drifted off into a new life, never to return to his old haunts.

It is not surprising therefore that young and enthusiastic artists, such as those who formed themselves into a small league under the name of Whistler's "Followers," should have been even more strongly affected. The chapter dealing with this small body is one of the most spirited and amusing in the book:

> There was another period when we used to travel all round London painting nature from the tops of hansom cabs. It was lucky Whistler never saw us. The ignominy of being sent home to bed would have been too terrible . . . . At one time the Followers became prismatic. This gave us a good deal of trouble. We began to paint in spots and dots; we painted also in stripes and bands . . . . We held it a fundamental error to introduce into pictorial art elements belonging strictly (we supposed) to the literary art . . . . The face in a portrait should not be more important than the background. The moment you realised that it was a face, the literary art came in; and you had better give it a cup of tea, or pull its nose. In the end we swept away all faces. Features, we felt, were unnecessary. . . . Then we began to realise that nature was very fair, and that if you got into a coal-cellar and looked through the chink of a door, you saw her much more truly than any other way. For some time we painted nature only through the chinks of doors.

One is almost tempted to believe that the Followers made the common mistake of confusing eccentricity with genius; yet they were in deadly earnest, and full of enthusiasm, and for that at least they are deserving of credit. Of Whistler himself there are a multitude of amusing anecdotes; Whistler interviewing his tailor, Whistler at the hairdresser's, always monopolising the attention of everybody, and accepting it as his due. One little incident is characteristic of his whole life:

Sometimes we visited a dealer who owed him money, and Whistler would receive a cheque. Once the cheque was not handed to him in what he thought a sufficiently dignified manner, and he said to the dealer, "This is careless of you. You push this cheque toward me, and you do not realise what a privilege it is to be able to hand it to the Master. You should offer it on a rich old English salver and in a kingly way."

As is well-known he avenged injuries, real or fancied, with personal chastisement, and though small and slightly built,

"He handled his little fights . . . . in such a way that he always got the better of his adversary . . . . he chose the right time and place, and always brought the chastisment off at the proper moment. He picked great men off their feet and thrust them through plate-glass windows in Piccadilly. Still, he was not actually brutal. He never treated his enemies in a coarse way.

One wonders whether the victim of the shop-window episode appreciated the refinement of his methods. His own personal tastes were peculiar; with music he had no sympathy; Shakespeare's tragedies when acted threw him into paroxysms of laughter. Of artists, Raphael "was the smart young man of his day," but "did not count;" Rembrandt was "gummy." Lanaletto and Velasquez, however, he placed high, though, of course, not so high as himself. Of Whistler's own methods of work there is hardly space to speak, and it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Menpes' sketch of the "Master" is complete, and shows him under all conditions. We are further indebted to the author for some excellent drawings of the artist, in which it is easy to see the effect that the latter's own style had upon that of his pupil. The book is one of the most delightful biographical sketches which has appeared for a long time, and it is no mean praise to say that it is worthy of its theme —a personality which is best summed up in the "Master's" own favourite expression: "Ha! ha! amazing!"

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

The Japanese, having provided the British book trade with one of its best foreign markets of late years, are now apparently looking to us to return the compliment. In addition to the work on "Japan for the Japanese," which Mr. Heinemann is publishing, we are receiving—from Messrs. Putnam—a translation of a realistic novel by Kenjiro-Tokutomi, a Japanese disciple of Zola, and a brother of one of Japan's leading essayists. The novel "Hototogisu — or "Namiko" as it is called in its English translation— was originally published in 1900, and has already gone through thirty-nine editions in its own language. It shows the tremendous struggle which is going on in Japan between the old traditions and the modern spirit of progress, and its picture of the social conditions in the Mikado's kingdom is said to be one which only a native could produce.

The fiscal campaign lends special interest to a memoir of William Johnson Fox, which Dr. Richard Garnett is writing, for Fox was one of the most eloquent speakers in favour of Free Trade in the Anti-Corn Law days His speeches, indeed, have been quoted as the most finished examples of oratory which that great fight produced. But Fox was not only a prominent politician and preacher; he was the champion of Macready's dramatic undertakings, and one of the first to recognise the genius of Browning's "Pauline." He was a man of letters himself, and though his literary work is but little remembered now, his correspondence and associations with the Brownings, Forster, Dickens, and other famous authors of his day, will add greatly to the interest of Dr. Garnett's memoir.

Mrs. L. T. Meade, one of the band of indefatigable novelists who can boast of a hundred volumes apiece, has another book coming out through Mr. Fisher Unwin during the summer, entitled "Love Triumphant." Mrs. Meade is one of the quickest writers of the day, when she is in full swing, with her two or three secretaries at hand to take down from her dictation, she thinks nothing of turning out six thousand words a day. It is said that, under pressure, on one occasion she dictated twenty-seven pages in twenty-seven minutes, her record for that one morning being no less than eleven thousand words. Her new book is a story of a man who, from infancy to middle life, is always pursued by a shadow unknown to himself, but unrelenting in its malignancy and force. But in the end, of course, comes "Love Triumphant."

There is a pathetic coincidence in the sale of the late Canon Ainger's library at Sotheby's to-day, while his new edition of Lamb's Letters is being announced by Messrs. Macmillan. The Lamb treasures—first editions and autograph letters and manuscripts—are naturally the most valuable items in the collection; but there is an extremely interesting copy, among the other first editions, of the last volume of poems to be published by Keats—"Lamia, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems." At the head of the advertisement (relating to "Hyperion") Keats had written, "This is none of my doing; I w[as] ill at the Time." The advertisement reads:

If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of "Hyperion," the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with "Endymion"; but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding.—Fleet Street, June 26, 1820.

Underneath this advertisement Keats had added, "This is a lie." The truth was that he had abandoned "Hyperion" as being too Miltonic in style, and artificial.

To-morrow Messrs. Methuen will issue a little book on "The Money Market," by Mr. F. Straker, who tells how our monetary system grew to be what it is, and how London came to be the financial centre of the world. In his concluding chapter, the author draws attention to a weak spot in the banking system, in connection with which he adds: "This matter will have to be faced some day, and the longer action is delayed the more difficult will it become to grapple with it."

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Pett Ridge

Although I expressed the opinion, a fortnight ago that the publishing of new novels at ixpence was not a sound commercial policy, I confess that I took advantage of Messrs. Methuen's enterprise to buy me a copy of Mr. W. Pett Ridge's latest book, "George and the General," just issued at that price. At six shillings I would not have bought it, or any other novel; so that if there were fifty or sixty thousand readers like minded, all would be well; but I have my doubts. I have no doubts, however, so far as the merits of the book are concerned, though I question if it is quite legitimate to issue two short stories, the one entitled "George" and the other "The General," under the collective title of "George and the General." I should not be surprised if one o those niggling literary weeklies devoted a column or two of its space to a warm discussion of this weighty question. Personally, I am not in the least degree annoyed at having been led to take up the book under the impression that it was a new full-length novel; for the two stories which it contains will rank among Mr. Pett Ridge's happiest efforts. They are, of course, concerned with working-class London, and sparkle with Cockney humour, which is best described, perhaps, as "good humour." "If John Bull is deficient in humour, you will at least grant him the possession of good humour," I once heard Mr. T. P. O'Connor say to Mr. George Meredith; and the great novelist was ready to concede thus much. Mr. Pett Ridge, until the appearance of Mr. Inglis Allen, shared with Mr. F. Anstey the honours of depicting the humour of Cockayne; he is a true humorist in the creative sense, as well as a faithful and skilled recorder of things seen. And there could be no stronger evidence in favour of the opinion that the poor have more fun in their lives than the rich, than the fact that Mr. Pett Ridge's stories of London life are esssentially works of humour. He knows the mean streets of the Metropolis more intimately than any living novelist, and yet he has never written a depressing chapter in any of his numerous Cockney stories. He is, indeed, an "incorrigible optimist"; but I am persuaded that there is far more truth in his presentment of London life than in such "powerful" studies as "'Liza of Lambeth," "A Child of the Jago," or "Badalia Herodsfoot." If you are off for a holiday, don't omit to take his "George and the General" with you.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Pett Ridge

Whose latest book, "George and the General," has just been published at sixpence

Curiosities of Copyright

It is stated that, in order to encourage European publishers to send choice specimens of their wares to the St. Louis Exhibition, an arrangement has been made whereby all books exhibited at the great show will enjoy copyright for two years in the United States. Otherwise, publishers on this side of the Atlantic would simply have been playing into the hands of the Yankee pirates by sending their books into the enemy's camp. I find, even among literary men, a great deal of uncertainty as to what constitutes international copyright. The one essential to copyright in America is that the book shall be set up and printed in that country. Hence the abominable American orthography sometimes to be found in books by English authors circulating in our own country: they have been, for reasons of economy, set up in America. In many cases American printers are now following English spelling for this reason. In England the mere fact of publication constitutes copyright; the registration at Stationers' Hall is only a formality necessary in case of legal proceedings. Our own copyright laws are in a most muddled condition, being largely judge-made, and even experienced publishers are never quite clear about

them. The recent pirated edition of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" was proof of the need for definite legislation, and now that so many literary men are taking up Parliamentary life, something may be done in that direction. A curious provision of the copyright law in France endows the translator of a foreign book with the exclusive right to translate all the subsequent works by the same author, provided the work translated is the first of the writer's to be rendered in French. Japan, by the way, has recently subscribed to the Berne Convention, which secures international copyright to the signatory countries. This was an adroit move in response to complaints from the United States about the pirating of American books in Japan. In order to feed her own pirates, America has stood out from the Convention; but her isolation is sometimes a disadvantage.

Our Gossipy Age

Ours is a "vulgar, silly age," according to Miss Henriette Corkran; "rapid and restless, typified by paragraphs, gossip, instantaneous photographs, telephones, telegrams, motor-cars, and bad manners." Alas, that so brilliant a lady should endeavour to reflect, in her own person, the spirit of an age she so little admires! Her new book, "Oddities, Others, and I," is being much discussed at present, just as her earlier volume, "Celebrities and I," enjoyed a transient popularity about two years ago. There can be no two opinions as to the nature of these widely-read books; they are made up of gossip and not always the best-natured of gossip. I will say nothing as to their manners, but I may at least venture to ask whether it is quite in the best taste for a lady to describe, with much condescension to detail, certain love passages coming within her own varied experiences of life:

I chose for the *table d'hôte* dinner a dream of a gown, pink *mousseline de soie*, trimmed with soft white lace, an airy fabric that clung to my figure, and fell in graceful folds. As a rule, I wore my hair in a plain knot at the top of my head, but that was a hard, unbecoming fashion, so I dressed it that night in loose tresses hanging low on the nape of the neck. I stuck a silver dagger—intended to pierce his heart, if he had such an organ—in my hair. I recollected his severe remarks about Englishwomen's feet and boots; so I put on a pair of embroidered silk stockings and wore Pinet shoes, which I had lately bought in Paris.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Henriette Corkran

Thus did she contrive to make an "austere, whimsical *pasteur* a worshipper at her shrine;" and when the deluded Frenchman was bewitched into "popping the question," his fair charmer said him nay! Whether this, and many other episodes described by the vivacious gossip, who so hates this gossiping and ill-mannered age, is to be accepted for truth, one has no means of knowing, as there is a curious mixing of fact and fiction in her pages, and it is difficult to guess when she is a chronicler of small beer, and when an imaginative tatler. It seems to me that a book of gossip loses its value immediately the writer shows a disregard for the reconciling of his or her statements of fact, and such is the case to an eminent degree in this book by Miss Corkran. For all that, it has the excellent quality of being readable, and as the author, who is a daughter of a formerly well-known journalist and man of letters, has moved all her life among interesting and famous people in Paris and London, she has naturally much to tell us that is worth the telling; but I consider that she has lessened its value by her manner of presenting it.

"A Home for Geniuses"

Nobody has pointed out, so far as I am aware, the fact that the Queen of Roumania, in her scheme for providing on the castled Rhine "a home for writers who are too poor or too feeble to support themselves," was anticipated long ago, in intention at least, by Mr. Barrie's immortal Tammas Haggart. Tammas's "Home for Geniuses" was to be supported by Government, and to be situate "within an hour's distance o' London, say five mile frae the market-place, and standin' in a bit garden, whaur the geniuses could walk aboot arm in arm, composin' their minds." Tammas had a shrewd idea, which may be commended to "Carmen Sylva": "I'm thinkin' 'at if there was a small chairge for admission the Home could be made self-supportin'," he said. "Losh! to think 'at if there had been sic an institootion in his time a man micht hae sat on the bit dyke and watched Robbie Burns danderin' roond!"

Jatt

CONCERNING MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

(NO. 29 OF THE SERIES)

Most Englishmen, meeting Mr. John Redmond in the flesh—of which Nature has endowed him with his full share—would never recognise him; and on being assured of his identity would come to the conclusion that he was desirous, for the time, of remaining incognito. For he does not wear rough stockings and breeches negligently fastened at the knees, nor are his coat-tails of extravagant length. He has never been seen at Westminster in the ruinous and rimless travesty of a hat, shaped like the extremity of a disused finger-stall, which Englishmen believe to be universal among Irishmen; and an examination of the hat which he does wear will disclose no traces of that rudimentary pipe sticking in the band, which is supposed to be as indispensable to an Irishman as his pig and his potatoes. He carries no shillelagh. He does not even know how to use one. He never says "Whirroo!" or "Faix!" Altogether, considered in his character as the chief personal representative of Ireland, Mr. Redmond is a disappointing figure.

The question of Irish costume, however, is too wide to be discussed here. Whatever Mr. Redmond may choose to don when he is in his native Wexford, his attire in the House of Commons is remarkable in no way; though it may perhaps be noted that he is among the strong-minded few who have never bowed their necks to the tyranny of the high collar in any form—not even to the seductive shape that lately came into common use again, at the front of which an outlet is provided for those superfluous chins which steal upon so many of us with the coming of middle age, and from which Mr. Redmond has not wholly escaped.

Considering, indeed, the heavy anxieties of his political position, and the amount of labour that he devotes to his cause, Mr. Redmond keeps wonderfully well. He is a strange contrast to the haggard and spectral personality of Parnell, whose place he fills to-day with an authority and a power decidedly not less than that exercised by the mysterious man who created the Irish Party in Parliament.

And it is to be remembered that, throughout the times of danger and difficulty that came upon his party, Mr. Redmond was of that minority which remained faithful to Parnell. To the great glory of British politics, there is always, in the bitterest of the strife, an underlying feeling of respect for a man who is true to his leader and his principles in the hour of misfortune or ruin. "Parnell must not be forgotten to-night!" was the cry of Mr. Redmond when the Home Rule Bill of 1893 was finally passed in a stormy sitting of the House of Commons.

Like his late leader, Mr. Redmond is a landlord and a sportsman. Unlike Parnell, however, he had always political leanings; for his father was, from 1872 to 1880, the member for Wexford, which the son represented a few years later. Moreover, it is his pride that he comes of a rebel stock. A century ago men of his name died on the scaffold, or with arms in their hands, in his native county, which was the scene of so much bloodshed and horror in the "Ninety-eight," at the name of which Mr. Redmond does not blush. It is likely that, in his childhood, Mr. Redmond listened to many stories of the Rebellion, and its terrible stamping out, that wove strands in his political character.

Certain it is, at any rate, that at the age of twenty-five he was put into the House of Commons by Parnell as member for the small borough of New Ross, which was, like most of the Irish seats, in the gift of the leader.

New Ross may have many proud traditions that have not come to the ears of the ignorant Saxon; but he will not be far wrong in assuming that the day on which Mr. Redmond took his seat for the first time as New Ross's representative is among the proudest in her annals; for on that occasion a very remarkable record was created. Mr. Redmond is the only man who has made his first appearance in the House, pronounced his maiden speech, and been "suspended" all in the course of the same afternoon. Yet he has never been a broth of a boy after the order of the late Dr. Tanner. His brother Willie has monopolised all the family talent for disorderly proceedings; and even he cuts but a poor figure as a disturber of the peace of Parliament when one contrasts him with the men of other days. Mr. Redmond's first suspension came at a time of frantic warfare, when the hand of the Irish Party was against every other; and it was a Gladstone government which saw the future autocrat of Ireland named among a batch of his fellow-countrymen for expulsion from the counsels of the United Kingdom.

He is among the few who have known the House from within, before taking part in its deliberations; for he was for some time a clerk in the Vote Office. He was also a barrister, and did the English Bar the honour of being called to it a year before he joined that of his native country. For a few years he held briefs in all the leading political cases that grew out of the Plan of Campaign. He was not, however, despite his very remarkable gifts, really fitted for a lawyer, as is sufficiently attested by the fact that he refused to take his fees. For the most part, the sums marked on his briefs were returned to the Campaign Fund.

That is the least of the services that Mr. Redmond has done for the pecuniary side of his cause. His powers as a money-getter were discovered on the occasion of his visit to Australia in 1882-83, when his success was so great that he and his brother—an able lieutenant—were asked to undertake tours across the Atlantic on a similar errand.

He is considered to be the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons. He rules his followers with a rod of iron, and with a quality of generalship that has made him the terror of the two great parties from whom he has wrung so much, and means to wring so much more. At forty-seven he is one of the chief controlling forces in British politics; and he bears his responsibility well.

The Autocrat of the Irish Party

THAMES SAILING BARGE MATCH: ROUND THE MOUSE LIGHT AND BACK

The Sailing Barge "Giralda" (49 tons) which won the First Prize

The "Giralda," a barge seven years old, belonging to Mr. F. D. Lambert, was built by J. R. Piper, and sailed by W. Mitchell. She completed the course in just over 7½ hours, beating six new barges in the contest

The Sailing Barge "Valdora" (55 tons) which won the Second Prize

The "Valdora," a new barge, belonging to Mr. J. G. Hammond, was built by H. Shrubsall, and sailed by A. Musgrave. She was barely four minutes behind her older and more successful rival, so that the racing was fairly keen

ON THE RIVER

"A solemn-looking native led the way to a clump of palms, and showed the Captain a rough wooden cross planted there"

A WEST AFRICAN STORY. By A. WERNER

"IT'S the fever, sure enough," said Alden, "and I've got it bad this time!"

He stood in the doorway of the store, holding on with one shaking hand while he looked out. The river was covered from bank to bank with a fleece of white cotton wool—the yellow-flowered weeds growing rank in the sandy soil were heavy with dew—the sun had risen, but was still unseen and unfelt through the mist.

"Valero! *Va-le-ro*! Where's the sleepy little beggar? Oh!—I say—light the fire, and put on the kettle—quick—and send Affonso here!"

He collapsed among the bales heaped in the space under the eaves—you could hardly call it a verandah—feeling deadly sick, and writhing in spasms of indefinable, but very real, discomfort.

"The Mzungu is ill?" said little Valero, with his woolly head very much on one side and the air of a compassionate cock-sparrow.

. . . . Valero had heard such explosions from other white men before—seldom, if ever, from this one; and he hastened in fear and trembling to get the kettle filled. Alden's skin was hot and dry, his mouth and throat crusted with a hard surface—but he revolted with sick disgust from the thought of tea. Soda-water, now—fresh and cool out of the ice-box . . . . he laughed drearily to think of it. And, as for eating . . . . It was as much as his digestion could do, when in health, to wrestle with Valero's cooking, and now the thing was not to be thought of. Yet if one didn't try to eat something, somehow. . . . .

Affonso came up from the water's edge, still shivering from his ablutions, with a checked shirt in one hand—for Valero had summoned him, imperiously, in the very act of putting it on.

"The Senhor is not well?" he asked gently—he had a very soft voice for his size.

"No, Affonso—just help me back to bed, there's a good fellow," and the rest of what he might have said was lost in the chattering of his teeth. Affonso supported him across the unfloored room, shook up and smoothed the uninviting couch, and hoisted Alden back into it, and covered him up. Then he stood looking at him with troubled eyes, till, an idea suddenly occurring to him, he hunted about till he had discovered another blanket, and disposed it over the patient, whose shiverings now shook the bamboo framework of the bed.

It was cold. . . . Alden had never been cold like this . . . and blankets made not the slightest difference. . . . His brain was struggling with some confused idea about hot water . . . and an indiarubber bottle . There was one the doctor left behind, when the mission steamer was here six

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months ago . . . he said it it was no good, because there was something wrong with the screw. . . . It might be some use after all—if only one knew where to find it. . . . If only—but when he tried to speak his tongue seemed made of lead.

Affonso tried sympathetically to understand. At last, catching with difficulty a few imperfectly uttered words, he appealed to Valero, whose bare feet had stolen up noiselessly through the loose sand to the bedside. The small brown chin went up in a swift gesture of comprehension, and the next moment he was climbing among the stacks of bales which filled the greater part of the hut we used to know as the Company's store at Pinda, and produced the desired article from a nook among the rafters. And then Alden lay doing his best to shake the house down, while the two experimented with this contrivance and the kettle till (after scalding their toes a few times) they managed to fill it, and then attempted to caulk the defective stopper with palm-fibre and strips of calico. It leaked after a time, but that was a detail, and, at least, it was hot. It so far revived Alden that he was able to collect his wits and speak a little more distinctly, and he sent Valero for the medicine chest, and gave Affonso directions for measuring out a dose of quinine. Luckily there was plenty of the beastly stuff left.

The effect was disastrous. Didn't know it was in nature for a fellow to be as sick as that.

"*Cacharo,*" murmured Affonso compassionately—and Valero flew for the brandy bottle. It was not left out, as a rule—Alden having a sort of conscience about such things—but he had taken a dose, when out of sorts the previous evening, and forgotten to lock it up again. It gave relief, and, feeling a little better, he began to think what could be done.

There was no way of sending word to the only places it was any use to send to—Chiromo, or Chinde. A man in a canoe might reach Jones, at Masanga, in two days, it was true—but what could Jones do? He was alone and could not leave his post, and was unlikely to be any better off for stores than Alden himself; and the same was probably the case with the Portuguese official at Morambo, even if there had not been a slight coolness between Alden and him, over those two boats' crews whom the *empregado* had suddenly seized on, on some plea of labour due for taxes, in the midst of a job they were doing for Alden. No, he must worry through by himself, somehow. And if, as might very probably happen, he went off his head, he would just have to leave things to Affonso. So he insisted on sitting up—to Affonso's great distress, who assured him that he was just beginning to perspire, and wrapped him in everything he could lay hands on—and explaining about the trade-goods, and the ivory, and the cash-box, and where the books were to be found, in case (which was very unlikely) the steamer should arrive while he, Alden, was incapable of answering questions. "And you'll pay the men their wages on Saturday?"

Affonso promised, repeated the details with the greatest care, so as to set Alden's mind at rest, and entreated him to sleep—which Alden would have been glad enough to do. But instead, a hot fit came on, and the temperature went up, and all through the night Alden talked unintelligible things in English, while Affonso, squatting in the sand by the bedside, never took his eyes off him, while Valero, frightened out of his wits, had curled himself up among the bales and there fallen fast asleep.

He was conscious next day, but weak as water. They concocted a sort of chicken-broth between them, and tried to feed him—but that, and the quinine (of which he thought he would try another dose)—and some Liebig's extract, which was Valero's idea, all produced the same effect—and very soon the brandy was all gone. And it was then, as he leaned back, all wrenched to pieces, against Affonso's shoulder, that another thought came to him.

"It's just as well I didn't say anything before I sailed. I don't think she can have cared."

He made an effort to speak.

"Affonso, if I die, you must take care of the store, and everything, till the steamer comes."

"The Senhor won't die!" said Affonso stoutly—but his heart misgave him. He had seen white men in the fever before. And he made haste to promise, because Alden seemed distressed about it. . . .

He was past telling them what to do now, and they could not think of anything for themselves. He lay back, a dead weight, in Affonso's arms—who, with a vague hope that it might somehow be of use, kept murmuring, in his soft native accents:

Av Mariya! Ga-ra-tya pe-lena." And then he took from his neck the little brass medal, which the priest at Tete had given him when he was Valero's age, and laid it on Alden's breast.

Alden neither heard nor saw. He just moved a little, and murmured something which the watcher could not catch; and then Affonso knew that, even if the white men's doctor were here, he could be of no use now. . . .

"We should dress him in his best clothes," said Affonso, while the men were digging the grave at sunrise, under the palms on the bluff. "That is the white men's custom."

Valero rummaged for awhile in the tin trunk which had served as wardrobe, and reverently lifted out the black suit he had never seen worn by its owner. Affonso surveyed it approvingly, and then they took out a clean shirt and the best pair of socks they could find, and went about their task with loving, awkward hands. But the medal blessed by the Tete padre remained, under all, on Alden's breast.

There was no coffin, of course—but they rolled him in a *bango* mat, native fashion, and so laid him in his grave without further rites—except some words that Affonso thought he ought to say. He had not the faintest notion what they meant.

Five weeks later, when the rains had begun, and the river was high enough to let the steamer come up from Chinde—a solemn-looking native, with a bunch of keys in his hand, met her captain at the landing-place, led the way to a clump of palms, and showed him a rough wooden cross planted there.

"And, if you'll believe me," the captain wound up, in telling the story, "that nigger had the cash all right, and not a blessed thing was taken out of the store. Macarthur told me so himself."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS: "The Fairy's Dilemma"

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S DOMESTIC PANTOMIME AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Mr. Arthur Bourchier

Who, in the "Revolving Realms of Radiant Rehabilitation," is changed by the Fairy Rosebud from Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer to a Clown. The other performers are similarly affected

Rev. Aloysius Parfitt — *Mr. O. B. Clarence*

The Fairy Rosebud — *Miss Jessie Bateman*

The Lady Angela Wealdstone — *Miss Violet Vanbrugh*

Rosebud is reprimanded because of her ill-success in bringing the right couples together, and fears she will be "relegated to dance in the back rows with the stout ones." The fairy is an absurd caricature of the good fairy beloved of pantomime-goers

Photos by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Col. Sir Trevor Mauleverer — *Mr. Arthur Bourchier*

The Demon Alcohol — *Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw*

The Demon has the usual pantomimic gift of appearing through trap doors and holes in the wall, and though his dialogue is would-be clever, it is a long way after Mr. W. S. Gilbert's efforts of old

Once Judge: now Pantaloon *Mr. Sydney Valentine* **Once Baronet: now Clown** *Mr. Arthur Bourchier*

The fairy Rosebud, by a wave of her wand, is able to compel the erstwhile dignified Baronet and Judge to the usual mummery of the Harlequinade

Photos by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

A Complete Harlequinade

Mr. Bourchier *Mr. O. B. Clarence* *Miss Violet Vanbrugh* *Mr. Sydney Valentine*

Directly Roseb d waves her wand, Miss Vanbrugh begins to dance à la Columbine, Mr. O. B. Clarence, who is a clergyman, becomes the gay spangled Harlequin, and the Judge and Baronet begin to play their tricks. It is when the magic wand stops that they realise the tragedy, which, in the guise of gay frivolity, has entered into their lives. Fo.tunately, at the end, Rosebud retires from business

TWO PRETTY

Photo by *Garet-Charles*

Miss Madge Crichton

YOUNG ACTRESSES

Photo by Garet-Charles

Miss Billie Burke

"SIBERIA": THE NEW "THRILLER" AT THE HIPPODROME

Scene I.: A Café in a Siberian Military Town

In spite of Vera's (Miss Mary Allestree) warning, Capt. Orloff (Mr. Drelincourt Odlum) strikes the Governor Ivanoff (Mr. Cecil Morton York). For this offence he is sent to the Siberian mines

Photos by *Campbell-Gray*

Scene 2: The Road to the Mines

On the way to the mines, Orloff is persistently ill-treated, but by a happy combination of circumstances, Vera comes upon the scene with a party and succeeds in liberating him. A general fight follows, during which Vera is carried off in a sleigh by Ivanoff, the Governor

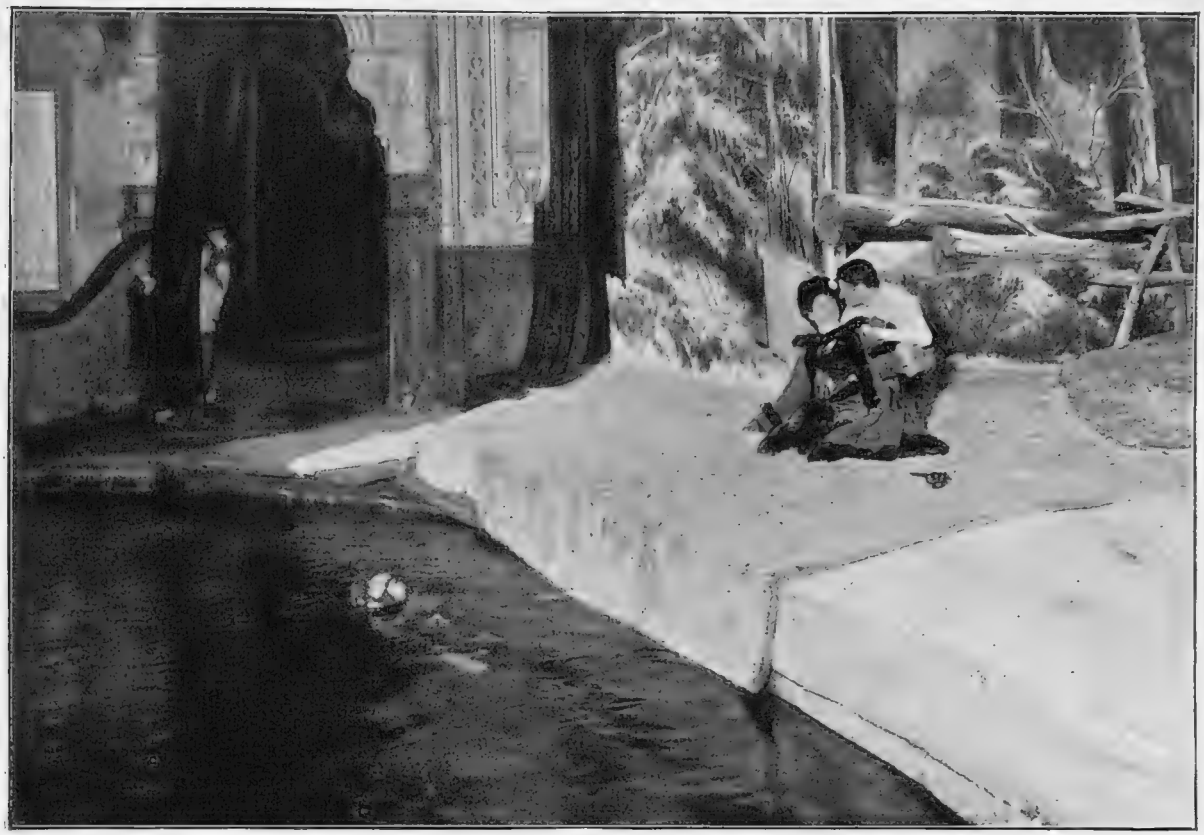

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Scene 3: The Frozen River, into which the Company in general plunge

In their endeavour to escape from the soldiers, the prisoners reach the river, only to find that the ice is broken. They leap in, and are followed by the soldiers on horseback. Ivanoff, with Vera in his sleigh, comes down the river bank at full gallop, and is precipitated into the icy water, though luckily (and, of course, to ensure a happy finish) Vera falls from the sleigh just as it is on the point of plunging over the bank, and is safe once more in the arms of Orloff

MME. RÉJANE'S SEASON AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE

Photos by *Boyer*

Mlle. Brésil **Mme. Réjane** **Mlle. Derval**

Three principal feminine characters in *La Montansier*

DRAWN BY *STEPHEN SPURRIER*

THE NICETIES OF LANGUAGE

"So long, Bill. Be good!"

OUR SHORT STORY

FRANKENSTEIN II.

By LEONARD MERRICK

I was at the Throne Theatre to see Orlando Littleton's comedy. Entering the buffet, in the first interval, I met Orlando Littleton.

"Hallo, old man!" I said. "Congratulations in large quantities."

"Thanks," said the new dramatist. "Have you seen it before?"

"No; but I saw in the papers that it was an 'emphatic success.' How beautiful Elsie Millar is in the part!"

We induced one of the personages behind the bar to notice that we were present, and removed our glasses to a table. Orlando sighed heavily.

"What's your trouble?" I inquired.

"My 'emphatic success'," he said. "But it's too long a tale to tell you now—I suppose you want to see the second act?"

The vindictiveness with which he pronounced the last two words was startling. I stared at him: "My dear Orlando," I began, but he cut me short.

"Call me 'Frankenstein!'" he groaned. "Like Frankenstein, I've constructed a monster that's destroying me. Before I created this accursed comedy I was a happy man."

"It must have been a very long while before," I said. "When I had the misfortune to share your rooms, you used to remark casually at breakfast that you wished you were dead"

"Anyone is liable to express dissatisfaction in moments; but on the whole I was cheerful and buoyant, especially when you were out," he insisted. "I frequently had as much as five pounds at the time. I'm not boasting, you know it's true. Five pounds at the time is prosperity, if a fellow hasn't got a monster to support. Since I wrote the comedy, a five pound note has been as ephemeral as a postage stamp. I pinched and pawned to start the monster in life. What it cost me in typewriting alone would have kept me for a month. It has gorged gold. It has devoured my All. And now, by a culminating stroke of diabolical malice, it's breaking my heart."

"There's nearly a quarter-of-an-hour before the act," I said. "Give me a cigarette and the story—I want one badly; an appreciative editor is eager to send a cheque."

"Halves?" asked the author of the "emphatic success."

"Halves," I agreed.

"Well," said Orlando, "the devil tempted me in the pit of the Vaudeville one night. Elsie Millar was in the cast; she had very little to do, but, as usual, she did it exquisitely. I had always admired her, wished I knew her, and that night I thought, 'By Jove, wouldn't I like to write a big part for her! Wouldn't she make a hit if she only got the chance!' I came out after the performance imagining her in the sort of part she's playing in the monster. A plot was beginning to put its head round the corner, and I wandered out of the Strand on to the Embankment, trying to get hold of it. The Embankment was deserted, and the river——"

"Yes," I said. "Cut that kind of thing—I can put it in when I do the writing. I don't want to miss any of the second act."

"Well, I went to bed about three o'clock with a plot that dazzled me. When I woke up and saw it in the sunshine, it didn't look quite so fetching—as is the way of plots; still, it had good features, if it wasn't a Venus, and I curled its hair, and tittivated it generally till it was fascinating again. The dialogue was the most interesting work—especially the love scene; I enjoyed that. It was like making love to a nice girl myself, and saying the right things at the time instead of thinking of 'em afterwards. I ought to have been turning out stuff for the papers, but I let them slide, and at last the play was finished. It sounds as rapid as filling your pipe, told like this; when you do the story you should stress the alternate ups and downs of the business: the nights when I wrote epigrams, and felt like Pinero, and the mornings when I read 'em, and felt like cutting my throat. Don't forget that. It's real."

"I'll remember," I said. "I'll have a paragraph on it."

"Well, I had two copies of the thing typewritten at Miss Becks's, in Rupert Street; and pretty they were, tied up with pink bows—till I put in all the improvements I had thought of after I posted to her. The improvements I had thought of after I posted to her made such a mess of the copies that I had to have two more typewritten. However, I couldn't pretend she was dear, and I paid and looked pleasant. Guilelessly, I imagined my expenses were over.

"Sonny, they were just beginning! Miss Becks's bill was only the preface. A man who knew the ropes told me I should be a fool to have the 'script hawked about before it had been copyrighted. 'How do you do it?' I said. 'Oh!' he said, 'it's very easy. You give a private performance of the piece in a building licensed for public entertainments. There are a few details to be observed.' When I grasped the details I knew I had committed a reckless extravagance in writing a play. I examined my belongings, and doubted if they would run to luxuries like this. Still, I had constructed the monster, and it had its claims. I did my duty by it.

"I hired a hall in Walthamstow for an afternoon. I invented two columns of 'Society Small Talk' to

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pay for the hall in Walthamstow. Whipping a tired brain, I invented them—and then they fetched eighteenpence short of the rent. I posted one of the nice, clean copies of the monster to the Lord Chamberlain to read. *I* didn't want him to read it—especially since I had learnt the compliment was to cost me guineas—but that was one of the details to be observed. I had to pawn my watch for the Lord Chamberlain. And he didn't even send the nice, clean copy back—he buried it in archives. More typewriting expenses! After that I had to have the parts typewritten. My dress clothes paid for the parts. Then I had to advertise for artists to read them. I got my 'artists' cheap—a half-crown a head, but my watch-chain went after my watch, and the monster began to attack my library. 'Any more details?' I asked. 'One or two,' said the man; 'you must have a couple of playbills printed, and don't forget to register your title.' Well, I won't dwell on the drinks, but by the time I was through with the Walthamstow hall, and Stationers' Hall, the monster had left nothing in my wardrobe except a mackintosh, and had consumed a complete set of Thackeray bound in calf!"

Orlando groaned again, and I murmured sympathy. I also reminded him that the second act must be drawing near.

"All right!" he said testily. "Listen. The monster was now my legal property—it was about the only property I did have now, but anyhow, the monster was mine. I was informed that an official licence for it would reach me in due course. Admire my next move! An average intellect might have been shattered by the sacrifices I had made for the beast; *I* was still brilliant. Did I send the thing to a theatre uninvited, and wait six months to see it expelled? Not Orlando! I realised that I was an 'outsider,' I realised that I needed someone to take me in. Elsie Millar was playing at the St. James's then. She had never heard of me, but I wrote to her; I said I had written a comedy with her in my mind, and that I'd like her to read it before I offered it to a management."

"What for?"

"What for! Because I thought she might be so enamoured of her part that she'd move mountains to get the piece produced."

"My prolix friend," I said, "I perfectly understand your inward reason; but what was the reason you gave to the lady?"

"Ah!" said Orlando, "I borrowed from a letter that I once knew an actress receive from a full-blown dramatist; I wrote that I was 'desirous of hearing whether she would care to play the part if an opportunity arose.' Suggestive?"

"For an amateur who had never been through a stage-door it was consummate impudence," I admitted. "And she replied?"

"She replied that she would be pleased to read the piece if I sent it to her private address. It departed to her, registered, the same day. And I wish you wouldn't keep interrupting me! . . . . Well, a fortnight went by, a fortnight of suspense that I can't describe to you."

"I don't want you to describe it!" I exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, remember that the act'll be starting directly. *I'll* describe your feelings when I write the story."

"If you don't write it better than you listen to it, there's a poor show of a cheque," he complained "I say a fortnight went by. Then she wrote that she had read my comedy and was 'delighted with it!' Look here! if you don't undertake not to speak another word till I've finished, I shan't tell you any more. Is it understood?"

I nodded. And for a spell Orlando had it all his own way.

"She wrote that she was 'delighted with it,' and asked me to call on her one day about half-past-four. I could hardly believe my eyes. Really, it seemed as if the monster's rancour was exhausted. I felt tender towards it again, my affection revived. I said it was like a monster in a fairy tale, transformed into a benevolent presence by the heroine. I thought that a pretty idea; I hoped I should get a chance of mentioning it to Miss Millar when I went.

"Of course, I meant to go the next afternoon—weather permitting—and I was so eager to see what sort of weather it was in the morning that I trembled when I pulled up the blind. Thank heaven! it was raining. I breakfasted gratefully, and my only fear was that the sun might come out later on. Fortunately it didn't. The drizzle continued, and all was well. By the idiotic expression you've assumed it's evident you've forgotten that the only decent garment remaining to me was a mackintosh. My suit was socially impossible; if it had been a fine day I couldn't have gone.

"She lives with her mother in a top flat in Chelsea. When I was shown in, she was alone. Her voice was just as sweet as it was on the stage. She isn't a bit like any other actress I've met; she talks rather slowly, and she's very quiet. Even when she enthused about the piece she spoke quietly.

"'I think it's beautiful!' she said. 'I'm glad I asked you to let me read it. I nearly didn't. because——'

"'Because you didn't know my name?' I said.

"'Well, yes!' she said. 'So many people write to one, and their pieces are generally so impossible. Is this your first, Mr. Littleton?'

"'My first, and it has threatened to be my last,' I said. 'I've been copyrighting it, and the complications have nearly ruined me. I had begun to feel myself another Frankenstein with a monster—and then you turned the monster into a prince of light, like Beauty in the fairy tale.'

"It didn't go so well as I had expected, but she smiled a little. 'You'll let me give you some tea?' she said. 'Won't you take off your mackintosh?'

"'No, thanks,' I said; 'it isn't very wet.'

"Then we had tea and cake, and got a bit forrader. She said she wished she had a theatre to produce the thing, and *I* said I wished I had an agent to place it for me. She asked me if I'd like her to show it to Alexander, and *I* said the English language would be inadequate to express the gratitude I'd feel. Of course, I added she mustn't do all that for nothing, and *she* said she'd find it reward enough to play the part. I said 'Pickles!' then, quite naturally, because she was being an exceedingly nice girl,

"You'll let me give you some tea?" she said. "Won't you take off your mackintosh?"

"No, thanks," I said, "it isn't very wet."

and I liked her. I told her she should have any share of the fees she chose to ask for. 'Oh, nonsense!' she said. 'No, it isn't nonsense!' I said; 'it's only fair.' 'Oh, well, then,' she said, 'if I get the piece done for you anywhere, you shall give me the usual agent's commission. Does *that* satisfy you?' We were talking quite chummily by this time. And I had another cup of tea.

"Before I went, her mother came in. Her mother didn't treat the commission so airily—her mother wanted the girl to have a contract. But that was all right; I put it on paper for her when I got home.

"There was nothing for me to see her about again for two or three months. I had heard from her that Alexander had no use for the piece, and that 'Sir Charles Wyndham had promised to read it on Sunday.' Then she wrote that she was going on tour—and I called to say 'good-bye' to her. There wasn't a cloud in the heavens, and I was still dependent on the mackintosh, but it couldn't be helped. I stayed longer that time. I could have stayed to supper if it hadn't been for the mackintosh.

"Of course she went on working at the business while she was away, and she used to write me what she was doing about it. She was a regular trump, and I liked getting her letters and answering them, though the prospects never came to anything. At last she wrote that she was coming back—and I called to say 'how do you do' to her. It still hadn't run to a new suit, and—I attribute a great deal to that mackintosh! It curtailed all my visits; I haven't had a fair chance with the girl.

"I had never loved before—so quickly. I was fond of her already. I hope, when you write the story, you'll bring her charm out strong; you had better send the MS. to me, and I'll put in some of the things she has said—loyal, womanly things, without any grease paint on 'em. As I sat there that afternoon, sweltering in the infernal mackintosh, I knew I'd like to marry her; I knew that if the comedy ever caught on, I'd try to make my agent my wife.

"Well, when a production looked as far off as Klondyke, there came this offer for the piece from Cameron, who had just taken the Throne. She was as excited about it as *I* was.

"'The Throne isn't quite the house I'd have chosen,' she said, 'but you'll get a beautiful cast; Cameron will take pains with the smallest detail. You'll be pleased with everything—Oh! I mustn't answer for your leading lady.'

"I laughed. There was no need for me to tell her I had faith in my leading lady.

"'You *have* given me a chance!' she said. 'It'll be the best part I ever played. If this engagement "makes" me, I shall owe it to *you*!' There was one of the things without any grease paint on 'em! Wasn't it sweet? She'd have had every excuse for reminding me all the time what a service she had done me.

"We talked it over like pals. She said that, of course, Cameron would play the Colonel himself, and that he wanted to get Fairfax for the lover.

"'Who's Fairfax?' I said; 'I don't know him. The lover is an important part—all that pretty scene of yours in the Orchard Act will go for nothing if your lover's not good.'

"'Oh, Fairfax is a very clever young actor!' she said; 'we've never played together, but he has just made a great hit at the Imperial; I saw him there; he was very good, indeed!'

"Well, things couldn't have looked more promising. Cameron was enthusiastic—he didn't pay any money on account, but he gave me a cigar—the percentage he agreed to was satisfactory, and the girl I loved considered me her benefactor. Making a discount for disappointment, I hoped for a hundred a week from the Throne; besides that, there'd be the provincial tours, and there were the American and Colonial rights. I had visions of a house in Sloane Street, and a motor-car.

"Then the expenses began again. I couldn't attend daily rehearsals through August in the mackintosh, so I managed to raise a pony on the agreement. The interest was iniquitous, but I was bound to have decent clothes, and on the threshold of a fortune I didn't fuss. I went to a tailor, and I bought a two-guinea panama, and had eighteen pounds left.

"Fairfax turned out to be a plain young man with a big head, and I didn't think so much of his reading as Miss Millar seemed to do. However, he improved. She, of course, was divine, and Cameron was all right. On the whole, I was satisfied with the rehearsals—dramatically; financially, they were a shock. The luncheon adjournments upset my calculations. I always had to adjourn with Cameron—though I'd rather have taken Miss Millar—and Cameron lunched extensively. If a man stands you champagne one day you can't offer him Bass the next. I had expected to enjoy the rehearsals, but the eighteen pounds were vanishing at such a rate that I thanked Providence when the last week came.

"Well, by dint of missing a rehearsal or two, I had contrived to cling to a fiver; and I shook hands with myself. I counted on it to keep me going till I got the first fees. Vain dream! They decided to 'try the piece' in Worthing for three nights—and I had to pay fares and an hotel bill! Old chap, when I walked here to the Throne, on the night of the London production, I possessed one-and-sixpence—and that went on a drink for the acting manager. In the morning I hadn't the means to buy newspapers with the notices of my own play. Penniless, I read them in a public library among the unemployed!

"Of course, the notices bucked me up. With an 'emphatic success,' I could smile at being stone broke till the hundred a week came in. But it didn't come. The box-office sheets gave me the cold shivers when I saw them, and the queues at the pit and gallery doors were so short that the 'niggers' gave up playing outside. The piece always 'went' very well, but there was never any money in the house; the audience always looked very nice, but none of them had ever paid. They look very nice this evening, don't they? Paper! Paper in rows! Paper in reams!

"A hundred a week? By the first Saturday night I reckoned my week's royalties would about cover the cost of my Worthing trip. And *then* I was optimistic!

"Cameron sent for me; he said:

"'I'm afraid I must take this piece off at once!'

"The dressing-room reeled. I muttered that the notices had been good.

"'It's more than the business is. Look at the booking!' he said.

"I hinted feebly that the best people hadn't come back to town yet.

"He said, 'Well, I'll give it a chance to pick up if in the meantime you like to waive fees.'

"I waived. I heard him in a kind of stupor. . . . I've never had a bob!"

Orlando paused; his head drooped sadly. I ascertained that the barmaids weren't looking, and pressed his hand.

"It's hard lines," I said. "We must have another talk after the show. You won't mind my bolting now? The bell rang ever so long ago; the second act must be half over."

"A curse upon the second act!" he burst out. "Why did I ever write the second act? Don't see it!"

"But I must see it," I urged. "I want to see it. What's the matter with it?"

The dramatist was silent again; I saw that he was struggling with strong emotion. At last he said in a low voice:

"The rest of the story—so far as it has gone—is more painful still. Perhaps you suppose that, now it had stripped me of all, and involved me in the meshes of a moneylender, the monster's malignity was appeased? Not so! Pecuniarily it could harm me no more, but through my affections I was still vulnerable; the monster's most insidious injury you've yet to hear.

"I noticed, during the rehearsals, that Fairfax was struck with Miss Millar; and lately Miss Millar has shown an unaccountable interest in the big-headed Fairfax. I call it 'unaccountable' because Fairfax, in his proper person, can't be said to account for it. She's always saying how 'tender he is in the part!' The *part's* tender! I own the man can act, but *I* gave him the lines to speak! *I* invented the tender things for him to do. She doesn't remember that.

"Consider what happened when I wrote the piece! I imagined a charming girl in an orchard; I imagined myself in love with her. She had Elsie Millar's face, she answered me with Elsie Millar's voice. With all the tenderness, all the wit, all the fancy I could command I tried to make this charming girl fond of me. Materially, I was producing half-a-dozen pages of dialogue; psychologically, I was lending my own character to any man who played the lover's part.

"It fell to Fairfax! And it's all 'Fairfax' with her. Oh! she has been very sympathetic about my failure, we're still friends, but—there's another man now. She talks more of his performance than of my comedy. It's natural, I suppose—she understands his work better than mine—but I detest the second act; you shan't see the second act, the second act's the other man's glamour to her! She's falling in love with the part, and thinks it's with him. The monster gave him his opportunity—*and he's stealing her from me with my own words!*"

"Talk to her as you've talked to me," I said, "and hope still."

"I can't help hoping," he answered, "but——"

An attendant entered the buffet with a note:

"Mr. Littleton, sir?"

Orlando tore it open—and passed it to me mutely. I read:

Dear Mr. Littleton,—I hear you are in front to-night. I've been waiting to tell you something all the week. Mr. Fairfax and I are engaged to be married—and we owe our happiness to your play. Will you come round afterwards to let us thank you?—Yours always sincerely,

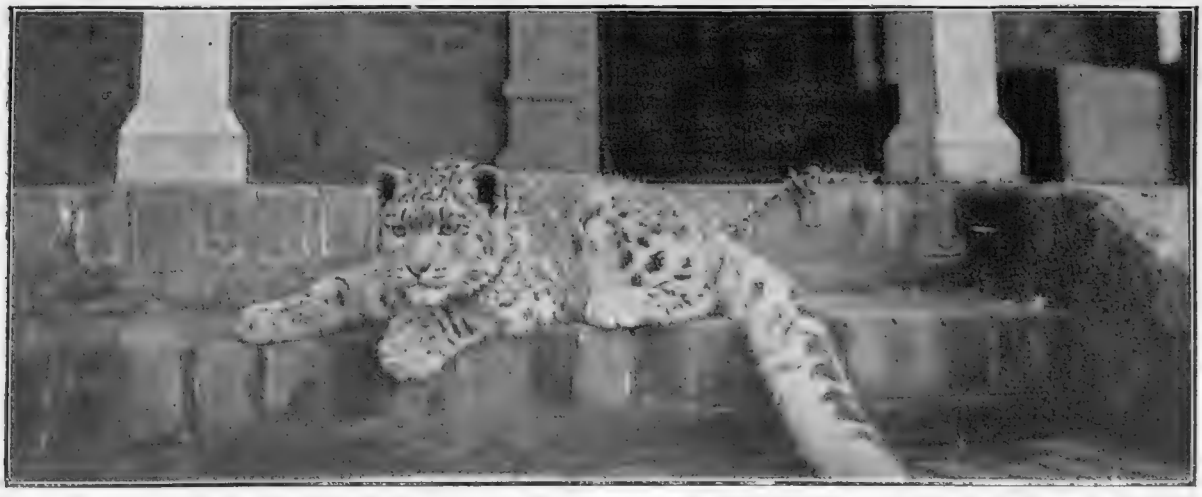
ELSIE MILLAR.

"Poor devil!" I exclaimed. "Well, the monster has finished with you now, at any rate! You know you're disappointed in love; and you know the last of the expenses is over."

"Y-e-s," he said. . . . "You think your editor *will* send a cheque for the story?"

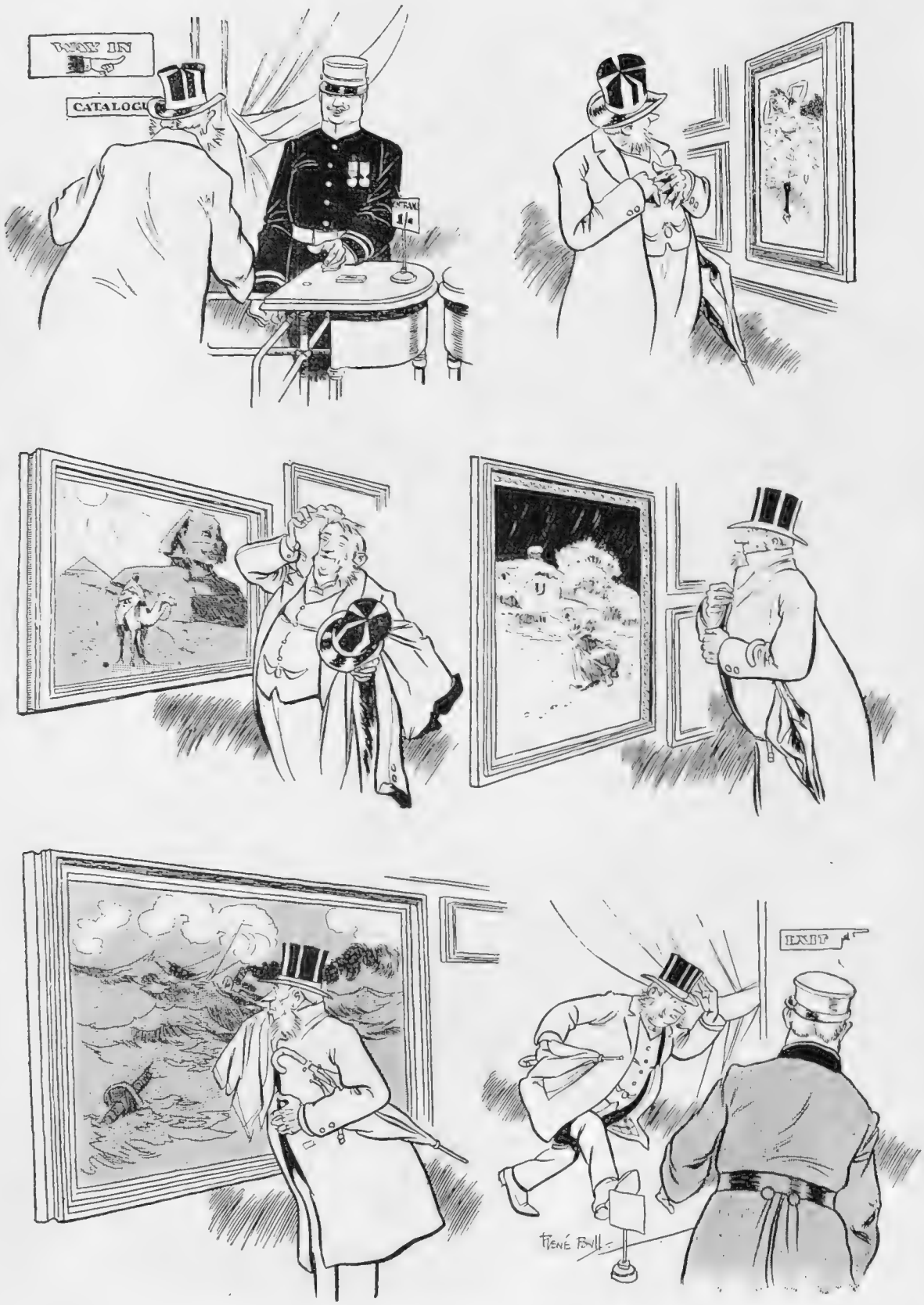
"'In due course,'" I told him. "Why?"

"Well," he moaned, "how am I to find the money to buy her a wedding present?"



The New Snow Leopard, One of the most Skittish Inmates of the Zoo

This specimen of the snow leopard (*Felis uncia*) was presented by Capt in Mackintosh, R.A., and arrived at the Zoo recently after a long and trying journey from Central Asia. She is about nine months old, half-grown, and apparently is very happy in her new home, where she may be seen any afternoon, playing round her cage like a kitten She is quite tame with her keeper and people she knows. The other day her owner brought some of his friends into the cage to be introduced to Miss Fel's Uncia. The lady at first was on her best behaviour, but gradually developed a skittishness which had finally to be checked by a gentle but effective cuff over the head, much to the amusement of the spectators who witnessed this little comedy



A SYMPATHETIC VISITOR

[A contemporary says that visitors to picture galleries do not appreciate good work, because they do not sufficiently enter into the spirit of the works. Here is a Bystander who did.]

AMERICAN TOPICS

Over here, there still exists a tendency to look upon President Roosevelt as something more than human, happily compound of an archangel and a steam-engine; but in the United States they got over that some time ago. He will be his Party's candidate for President this year; but he is not by any means the popular man he was. He has managed to put himself wrong with the conscientious people by his action in the Panama Canal grab, his sudden extension (in the year of an election) of the already monstrous pension list of the Army, and a few other well-defined proofs of mere human nature. And he has disgusted the unthinking people and the predatory people by clinging to his opinions on the colour question and his opinions on the Trust danger. In short, like many other men, he is a mixture; and he has not been so successful as politicians usually are in concealing the fact. All the same, even with the Trust people in his Party still opposed to him as too radical, he looks like winning.

A small cyclone has just been raging round the transference of Mr. Knox, the Attorney-General, from the Cabinet to the Senate, to replace the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. Some descry in this a cunning device of the Republican Party to get rid of a Minister who was injuring them with the rich people on account of his legal proceedings against certain Trusts. The answer of the injured Mr. Knox is that his anti-Trust policy was the President's policy, and will be carried on by his successor. The extreme Democrats can hardly make much capital out of the incident, as they have always maintained that Mr. Knox was a disguised friend of the Trusts, whom nothing would persuade to attack them seriously; and in the cartoons of the ultra-Democrat press Mr. Knox has been genially presented as the footman of the Trusts, or alternatively as "Sleepy Phil," who slumbers while the people are being robbed.

The congregation in a certain St. Louis church has attracted the unfavourable attention of a great many Americans by its action in rising "like one man," the other day, when the President's daughter left the building.

This mark of respect to Miss Roosevelt certainly does savour a little of overdoing it; for Miss Roosevelt is not a public character (save in so far as being the only woman who has been down in a submarine goes), and her worthy father is not yet acclaimed as a Lincoln, or even a Grant—not that anybody in their times would ever have gone out of his way to treat any member of the President's family to so embarrassing a demonstration. To an onlooker it seems that, if people are going to have republican institutions, they might just as well play the game. But there is a growing tendency among a certain class of Americans to question that view, if one may judge by their acts

"See your own country!" exclaims a gentleman writing to an American paper on the alarming increase in the numbers of his countrymen who visit Europe. On the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, the patriot points out, "they could find scenery as grand and climate as balmy as any afforded by Europe." Awful suggestion! What would happen to this country—to name no others—if the Americans kept away? Bankruptcy in the hotel world and the workhouse for the Peerage would be among the more immediate consequences. And if one may just hint that Americans get some ideas by coming to Europe, there is that side of it to be considered. Imagine the United States run on the national principles of China!

"How it Feels to be a Problem" is the irresistible title of the leading article in an American magazine. It is not an autobiographical sketch by Booker T. Washington, the negro leader, nor a "symposium" by the principal Trust magnates, nor even a bundle of interviews with representative boy cigarette smokers. It is none of these things, but simply a statement by Mr. Geno C. Speranza, of the New York Bar, on the subject of the Italian immigration to the United States. Geno has caught the idea of newspaper head-lines, anyhow.

The Earl of Yarmouth and his American Bride

The Countess of Yarmouth was formerly Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, daughter of the well-known Pittsburg millionaire

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Open Championship—Harry Vardon's Performance

The great golfing Derby is over, and, as commonly happens in the great horse race, so in the golfing event, the favourite has not won. After the first two rounds had been played, it looked a pretty sure thing for Harry Vardon, and I, among other mistaken prophets, was beginning to congratulate myself on having made the right selection. But it is "kittle" work prophesying about golf competitions, and so it proved with a vengeance in this case. The Harry Vardon who played his third round did not seem to be the same man as the one who had negotiated the course so brilliantly on the two preceding days.

Another "Incident"

Possibly he was upset by an incident which happened during his third round—an incident which calls forth a strong argument for an alteration of one of the medal play rules of golf. Rule XI. of the Special Rules for Stroke Competitions lays it down that "when both balls are on the putting-green, if the player's ball strike the opponent's ball, the player shall lose a stroke. The ball nearer the hole shall, on the request of the player, be either lifted or holed out at the option of the owner, under penalty of his disqualification." The result of this rule is that, in big stroke competitions like the Championship, there is a lot of handling of the ball, which it should be the object of the rules to obviate, as far as possible. The rule does not indicate who is the proper person to lift the ball. In ordinary club medal competitions, it is necessary for the player to lift the ball when requisite, for, as a rule, no special marker goes out with the players, and each man keeps the score of his fellow-competitor. But in a great event like the Open Championship, each pair of competitors has a special marker allotted to them, whose duty it is to keep their scores. If the rule is to remain in its present condition, it would be best for each club on whose green the Open Championship is played to make a local rule to the effect that, whenever a ball has to be lifted, it shall be done by the marker alone.

An Ill-timed Rebuke

Once that is clearly laid down, no disagreeable incident such as occurred to Harry Vardon would be possible. To be publicly addressed by his marker just as he was preparing to hit his tee shot at the fifth hole in his third round was enough to put a far less sensitive man than Vardon completely off his game. The marker thought it was his duty to lift the ball whenever occasion should arise, and took this maladroit opportunity to inform Vardon of the fact in a loud tone. The same remark having been made to him on the preceding day by the marker then officiating, this unnecessary and public reminder no doubt rankled in Vardon's mind. Vardon had done nothing whatever to offend even the shade or shadow of the rule by his action, and I have a very strong impression that the incident cost him his chance of retaining the Championship, for, from that moment forward, he played quite unlike himself, and during that fatal third round, completely lost the advantage he had secured by his brilliant play of the first two days.

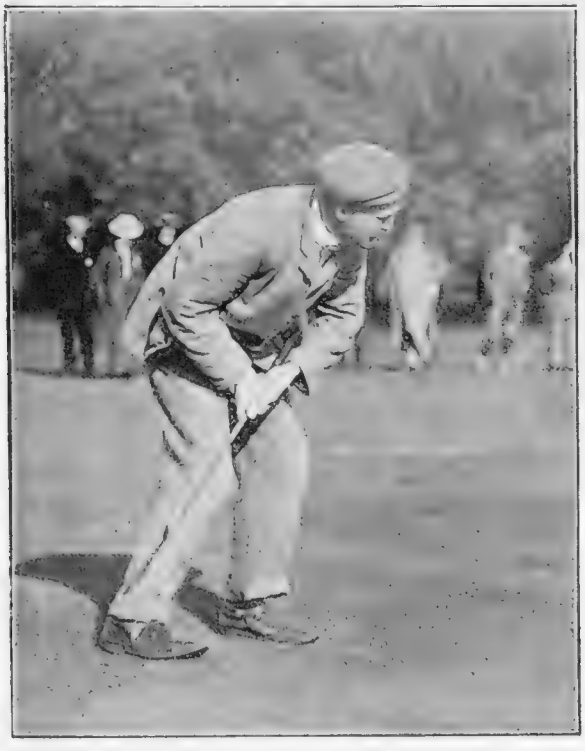
The Open Golf Championship at Sandwich: Visitors following Braid to the eighteenth tee

The Standard of Play

I do not think my readers will look to me for a detailed description of the play of the various leading competitors. Are not all these details recorded in the daily Press? It would be mere wearisome reiteration to go through the different rounds of the great players. I hold it to be rather my business to record the impression which the competition, as a whole, left on my mind. The first thing that struck me was that the standard of play of the professionals has advanced in marvellous fashion during the last few years, and that they have completely out-distanced the amateurs.

Mr. Jack Graham's Fine Play

Only one amateur, Mr. Jack Graham, showed any ability to live in the rarefied atmosphere of play of the professionals. He, indeed, covered himself with glory, and showed conclusively that he is the most scientific amateur player extant, and quite the equal of any professional. Unfortunately, just as he seemed on the verge of a phenomenal performance in his second round, having done eight holes in twenty-seven strokes, he broke down at the ninth hole and recorded an eight for a four hole. Even with that unhappy eight he finished the round in seventy-six, and stood third at the end of the second day's play, only three strokes behind Harry Vardon. In any case, he may look back on the meeting with great pride, having won the St. George's Vase in a record score on a very difficult day, and having made a very fine bid for first honours among the greatest players living. With that one exception, it struck me that players such as White, the Vardons, Braid, and Taylor were infinitely superior to any players among the amateurs. The amateurs appear to me to have sacrified accuracy to length, and in most cases at every tee shot to be playing to the uttermost limit of their hitting capacity.



J. H. Taylor

Who tied with J. Braid for second place. In the last round, amid the greatest excitement, Taylor went round the course in the Open Championship record of 68

The Open Golf Championship

J. Braid, the runner-up (on the left), and Jack White, the champion

The Close Finish

I had the good luck to see the concluding part of both White's and Braid's last round, and a more exciting struggle one could not wish to see. They were, unfortunately, not playing together, but I had time to see White finish the fifteenth hole in a perfect four, and then saw him during the next three holes twice nearly ruin his chances. At the sixteenth hole he pulled his tee shot badly into the rough, but he got his ball well out, and secured a four. He made only a middling tee shot to the next, but recovered with a fine second, and nearly secured a three. He had now only to do a safe four to be almost sure of securing the Championship. Again he pulled his tee shot into the rough, and it seemed doubtful whether he could reach the green in his second. But the goddess of golf seemed determined to smile on White; he found his ball lying fairly well, and with a lovely shot he reached the green and ran his next putt up dead. In conclusion, I am sure all my readers will unite with me in offering Jack White their most hearty congratulations on his success. He thoroughly deserved his win, which was accomplished by a combination of fine play and sound judgment, backed up by pluck and nerve. No manlier or more modest player has ever won, and I feel sure that none of his great rivals grudge him the victory which has brought his name into the same eminent rank as theirs.

Ernest Lehmann

BY LOCK AND WEIR.

The Royal Visit to Eton

The visit of their Majesties the King and Queen to Eton College, on Monday of last week, when weather of the most superb description happily prevailed, was hailed with delight by all boating men, as a pledge that Royal favour is no less grudgingly bestowed on the peaceful pleasures of river life than on the sterner joys of the ocean. The occasion, however, is by no means the first on which King Edward VII. has enjoyed a trip on a British river. Not very long ago, as the guest of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, His Majesty was conveyed by a steam launch from Devonport up the River Tamar, when he not only expressed himself delighted with the experience, but was able, by one of his impromptu acts of tact, to gratify one of the most retiring of his subjects. During the upward progress of the Royal craft, His Majesty's attention was arrested by the beauties of Pentillie Castle, the residence of not the least substantial of west-country esquires, to whom the ways of the Court are scarcely familiar. On learning the identity of the place, His Majesty at once sent word to the Castle that the proprietor's company would be most welcome on board the launch, nor did he take leave of his new acquaintance without partaking of the substantial repast which constitutes the Devonian tea.

Photo by *Cullcott*

Recent opening of the New Lock at Teddington: The first boats to go through

Photo by *Frith and Co.*

The Leander Club House at Henley

Water Pageantry at Eton

Whether or no the Henley Regatta of this year is to be distinguished by the presence of the State Barge, there can be no doubt about the appropriateness of the Eton College celebration forming the occasion of the Royal Galley's first public appearance in the present reign. The gala day of Eton aquatics is invariably held on June 4, George III.'s birthday, in which Sovereign's honour the premier boat of ten oars was christened the *Monarch*. The rowing costumes enjoined by Etonian tradition at such festivals is of the most elaborate description; indeed, the various colours and decorations assigned to each boat would puzzle even such a master of ceremonies as King Edward himself. There is no complexity, however, about the manœuvres executed by the crews at their annual outings, the proceedings consisting merely of a procession and the inevitable collation. On the 13th inst. the programme was confined to the boats defiling in front of their Sovereign, the rowers standing up with uplifted oars, and, it is needless to say, emphasising the salute with hearty cheers.

W. G. East

Though modern methods of oarsmanship cannot be displayed by the occupants of the thwarts (there are two men to each) of the State Barge, that is certainly not due to any lack of skill on the part of the exponents, all of whom are picked watermen. These are under the direction of W. G. East, an old Doggett's Coat and Badgeman, and champion sculler of the United Kingdom. East, by the way, in addition to preparing his crew for their onerous duties, has been finding time to coach Mr. Guy Rixon, of the Kingston Rowing Club, for the Diamond Sculls at Henley.

Henley Prospects

From a social point of view, the prospects for Henley are excellent, though the absence of foreign entries preclude the possibility of such exciting contests as the Grand has provided on previous occasions. From a purely business point of view, the advent of an American crew is always welcome, as an international contest invariably awakens enthusiasm for the purely sporting side of the Regatta. Personally, I sympathise entirely with the view that foreign entries should be barred, both on account of the unsuitability of the course, and in order to prevent the introduction of an element unknown at present to English Amateur Rowing. The public, however, not unnaturally, take the opposite view, and, consequently, foreign entries are eagerly looked for. This year, however, apart from Colonials, the entries will be all from within our own shores. The German pair, who last year won the Goblets, will not again defend their title, but Scholes will again be seen in the Diamonds, together with a Tasmanian sculler, Harrison Burke, and a Winnipeg four have entered for the Stewards' Cup. R. B. B.

Henley Week:

THE "BYSTANDER" CUP FOR THE BEST DECORATED HOUSEBOAT

A few weeks ago, at a well-known West End Club, some gentlemen were discussing the river. The subject eventually turned on houseboats, and one or two veterans declared that these were nothing like so daintily or prettily decorated as they used to be.

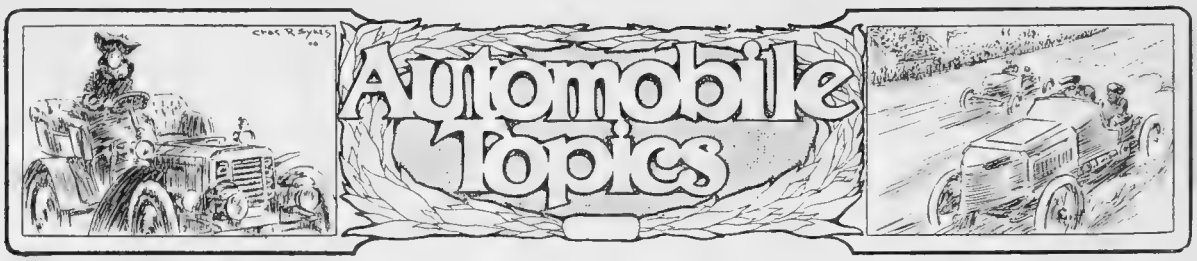
With this view we do not agree, and, in order to prove to the world of river folk that the houseboat of to-day is fully as delightful as of yore, we are offering a magnificent solid silver flower and salad bowl, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, to the owner of the houseboat on the course which, during Henley week, we consider to be the most beautifully decorated by flowers or other means. The judges will decide on the winner, and we shall subsequently publish a photograph of the winning houseboat. College barges can compete. The judges will not personally visit any of the houseboats, but will be taken round the course in a launch.

There are no conditions required in the competition beyond the decoration of the houseboat. The cup is now on view at the office of THE DAILY GRAPHIC, 190, Strand, W.C.

The "Bystander" Cup

This beautiful solid silver bowl, of a fluted design, is offered to the owner of the houseboat, during Henley week, which, in the eyes of the judges, shall appear to be the best decorated. The cup will become the absolute property of the winner, and its value is £10 10s.

EVERY OWNER OF A HOUSEBOAT AT	HENLEY, AND EVERY LOVER OF THE	THAMES SHOULD READ ABOUT THE
"BYSTANDER" CUP		



Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give unbiased advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

Special arrangements are being made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The Gordon Bennett Race

By the time these lines see the light of day the Gordon Bennett race of 1904 will be won and lost. Messrs. S. F. Edge, S. Girling, and C. Jarrott are the British competitors, the former driving an eighty h.-p. Napier and the two latter Wolseley cars. All our men are confident, and full of praise for the wonderful machines they are to control, but the popular belief is that Germany will retain the Cup with her Mercédès cars. To begin with, she has succeeded in entering a double amount of cars, since the Mercédès are built both in Germany and Austria. A goodly contingent left these shores earlier in the week, but as far as the public is concerned, interest in the Gordon Bennett race has greatly declined. It has, undoubtedly, too much of a commercial character about it to attract the sporting proclivities of non-motorists.

The Gordon Bennett Cup Race: C. Jarrott and Bianchi, his Mechanician, in a Wolseley car

The Course

The course for the Gordon Bennett Cup, the starting point of which is within easy reach of fashionable Homburg, is an extraordinary combination of corners, twists, and controls. None of the controls are further than eleven miles apart, while the roads, which zigzag up the hillsides to prevent the gradients being too steep, offer further difficulties to the drivers of the high-speed cars. Starting at Saalburg, the course takes in Usingen, Weilbourg, Limburg, Kirberg, Neuhof, Idstein, Esch, Koenigstein, Ober Ursel, Dornholzhausen (quite close to Homburg), and thence back again to Saalburg. A glance at our map will show the exact route to be taken. Excellent stands have been erected near the starting-point, and all preparations have been

The Gordon Bennett Cup Race: S. Girling in his Wolseley car

made for catering for a large number of spectators.

The Cadillac

It is undoubtedly true that, up to the present, while the market has been flooded with various cars, more or less exceeding magnifical, most of which are outside the scope of all but the really wealthy, the solid and substantial vehicle to carry four at a top speed of thirty miles an hour, greatly as it is desired by many, has not heretofore been forthcoming, and so one extends a really cordial welcome to the now perfected American Cadillac. One is apt to associate cheap Yankee cars, as one formerly did bicycles hailing from "the other side," with a certain amount of flimsiness, but here it is quite different, and in the particular type under review, one can merely remark that real strength and solidity form perhaps the most pronounced features of what is, in effect, a very sturdy, substantial, and common-sense motor-car.

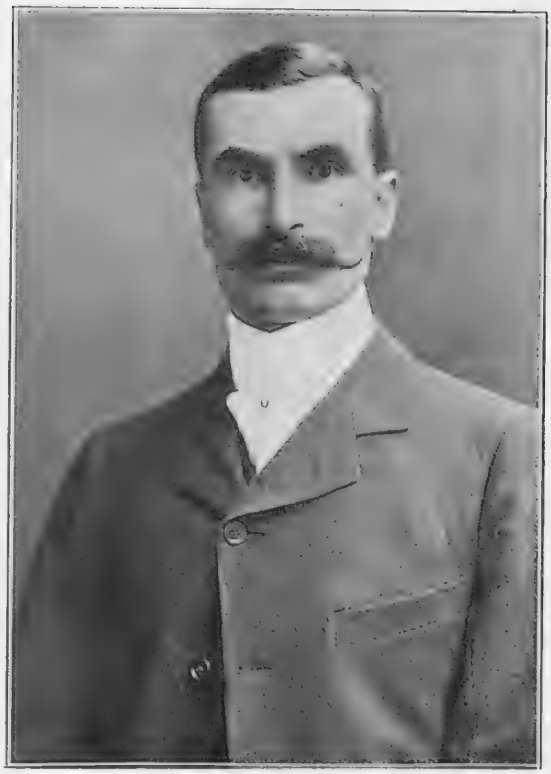


Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*

S. F. Edge

Who was the winner of the Gordon Bennett Cup in 1902, in his Napier Car

Its Attractions

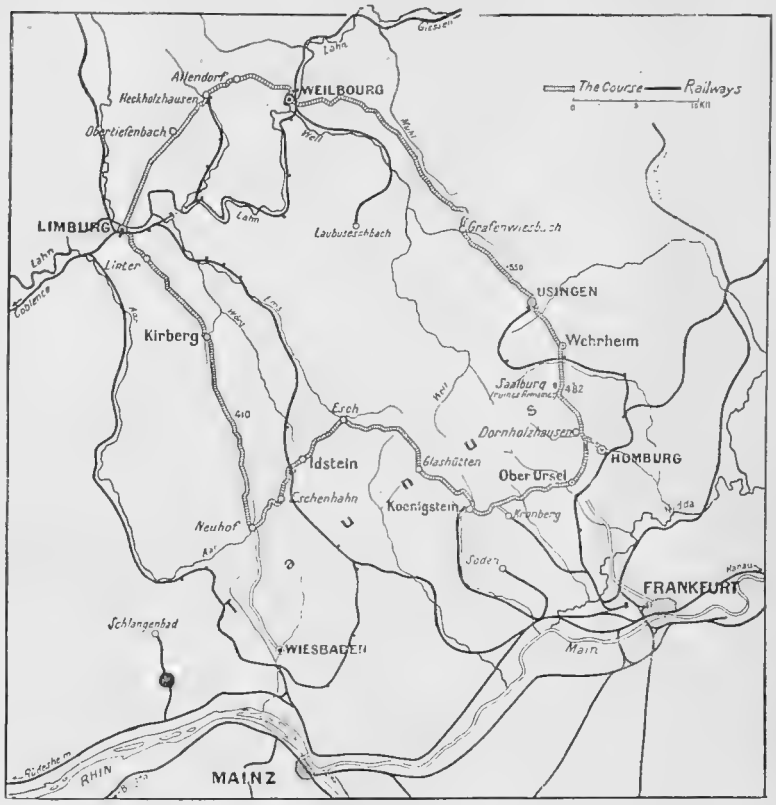
One of its chief recommendations is that it is so simply constructed that any intelligent amateur can grasp its essential features in a few hours' study. The engine has a single cylinder with a heavy fly-wheel, and owing to its being governed on the inlet by a most ingenious arrangement of variable lift, it is, in conjunction with a particularly efficient silencer, almost entirely inaudible as regards the exhaust, and, as far as quietness alone goes, it may be favourably compared with many automobiles costing over £1,000. The cylinder is placed horizontally, with an efficient copper water jacket, and overheating, owing to insufficient cooling arrangements, is quite unknown. The brakes are extremely powerful, and are lined with mohair, a new departure which is proved to be a success, replacing the ordinary leather, which, as all drivers know, is very apt to char and burn These cars have consistently done extremely well in the

The Gordon Bennett Cup Course: A dangerous turn near Weilbourg

various trials of late, and are highly spoken of, by, amongst others, the Hon. Robert Lygon and the Governor of Dartmoor Prison. I have personally been enabled to note the behaviour of these cars on the road under varying conditions, and at two hundred guineas for the Tonneau, it is no exaggeration to state that I know of no such excellent value for the money. The "Surrey," a new type, is to be marked at two hundred and twenty-five guineas, and has peculiar advantages of its own.

A Puncture Preventer

Punctures to pneumatic tyres are usually caused by nails being picked up whilst travelling, but which only work their way through the stout fabric of the outer cover by degrees. The device, of which we give an illustration, rests lightly on the surface of the tyre, and is designed to scrape off and remove any substance which has found a temporary lodgement in the rubber tread. It should fill a long-felt want. C. G. M.



Map of the Gordon Bennett Cup Course in the Taunus District

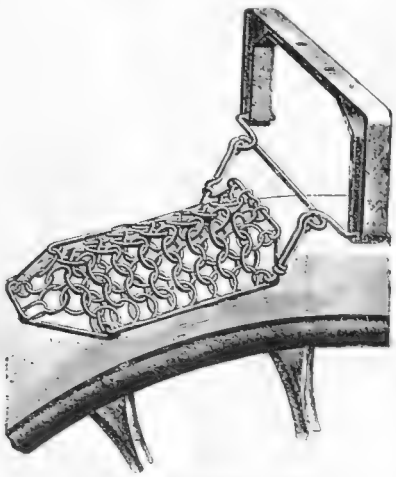
Answers to Correspondents

N. F. writes as follows: "I am very keen to obtain a motor-car, but as my husband is not very wealthy, we should have to commence in a very modest manner. Can you tell me if we could obtain a reliable second-hand car to suit three persons for, say, 100 guineas? I should also like to ask what the cost of keeping and using it would be if we were to leave it at a garage."

[Excellent second-hand cars can be picked up very cheaply at times, but the purchaser must insist on all such being thoroughly overhauled previously, as otherwise he may regret the deal. It is impossible to give N. F. any definite notion of what can be purchased for 100 guineas, though, probably, in

The Gordon Bennett Cup Course: A rough bit of roadway through Ober Ursel

a few weeks' time, many bargains will be advertised in our own columns. The question of garage expenses will be discussed in our next number, when N. F. will learn all that she needs.]



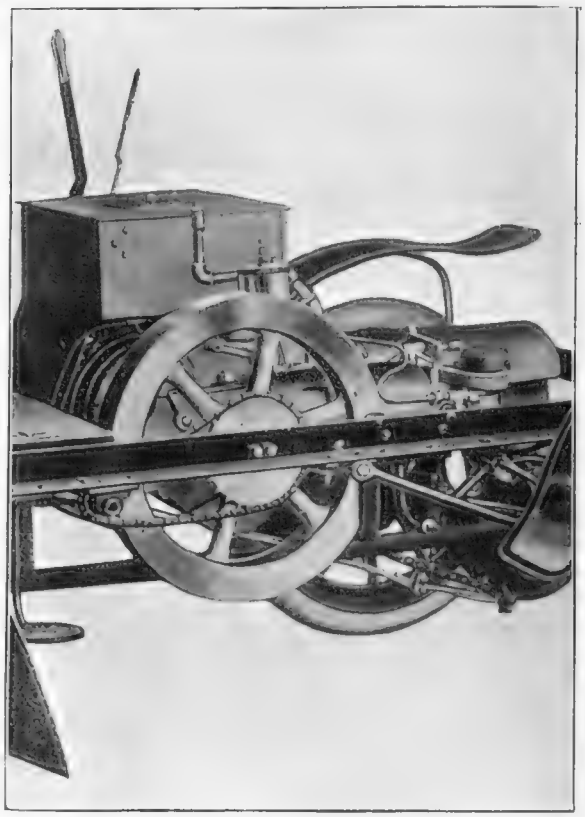
The Bull Dog Nail Puller

A sure puncture preventer

"FIAT" asks us what is the best guide for the motorist wishing to find the best routes out of London. He cannot do better than purchase "Best Ways out of London," a most handy little book, edited by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., with maps and diagrams galore by A. S. Allberry. Its price is only 1*s.* 6*d.*, and it easily slips into one's coat pocket.

H. C. S. inquires whether we can assist him. He requires a four-seated car, reliable, modest in price, of English manufacture, fitted with magneto-ignition. Delivery to be made at once, or very shortly.

[We will reply to H.C.S., by letter direct, upon hearing from the various likely makers with whom we are in communication as to delivery.]



Cadillac Chassis, Model A

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in our Automobile pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisments to our readers will be 1s. 3d. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisment Manager, "The Bystander," Talbis Street, E.C.

Cadillac, Model A, with detachable tonneau. Price, 200 guineas

LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB: THE RUN TO RANELAGH

Miss Schiff's Car

Miss Schiff attracted a deal of attention by the skilful manner in which she handled her cream-coloured 24 h.-p. Panhard

The Meet in front of Carlton House Terrace

Queen Alexandra, herself a skilful motorist, watched the procession of cars from a window of Buckingham Palace

Photos by *Thomas*

The Duchess of Sutherland, President of the Club, in her Mercédès Car

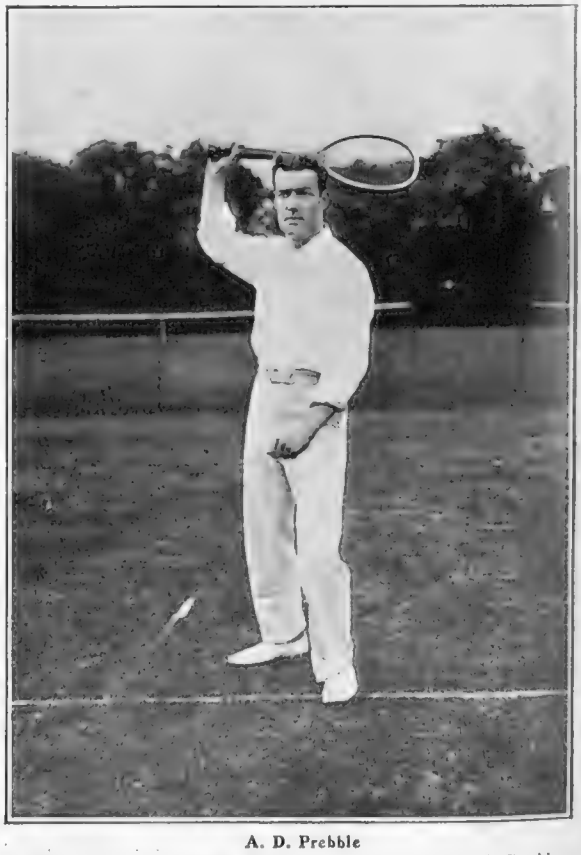
At a signal from the Duchess, the cars proceeded by way of Pall Mall, Constitution Hill, and Hyde Park, to Ranelagh. Sixty cars took part in the meet, which was witnessed by large crowds of fashionable spectators

LAWN TENNIS: THE BECKENHAM OPEN TOURNAMENT

Brame Hillyard
Defeated, after a hard match, by H. S. Mahony, in the Kent All-comers Championship, by three sets to two

Miss C. M. Wilson
Last year's holder of the Kent Ladies' Championship, who was defeated by Miss D. K. Douglass

The Brothers Allen
"C.G." and "E.R." who succeeded in carrying off the Invitation Doubles



A. D. Prebble
Who, with F. R. Canning, was defeated in the Gentlemen's Doubles Handicap by W. E. Lane and G. H. Booth (rec. 15—3)

RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: SOME PRIZEWINNERS

View of the Ring showing the Single Harness Class being judged

Mr. F. Vivian Gooch's Tandem, "King of Hearts" and "Quicksilver," First Prize

Miss Ella S. Ross's team of black-browns, winner of the Four-in-hand Challenge Cup

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

OUR EIGHTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

No Long-drawn-Out Scheme—One Hand Only.

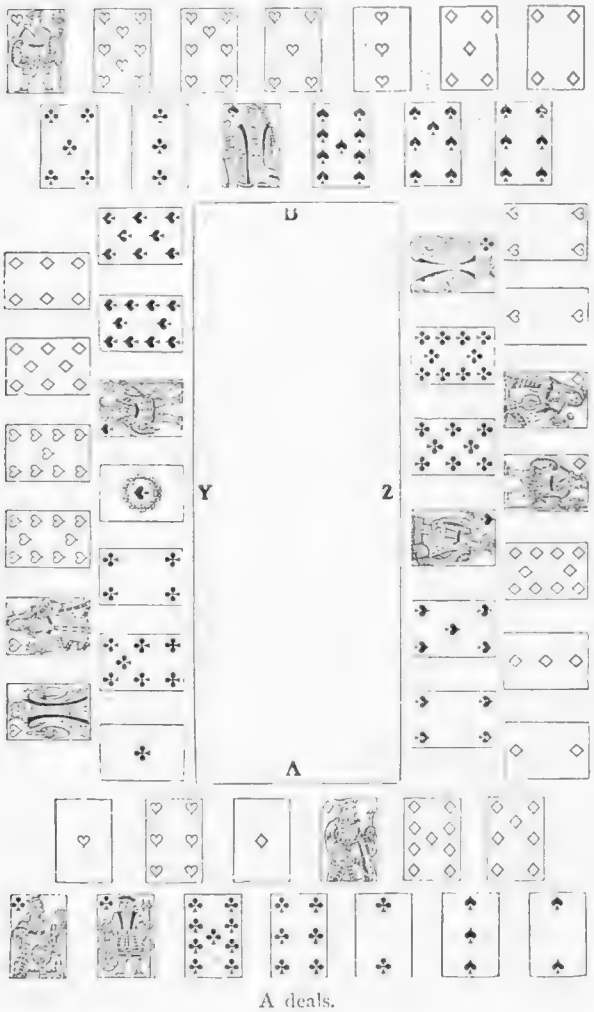
The Bystander offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

Further prizes, in the form of two charming packs of The Bystander Playing Cards, in box, will be awarded to players whose solutions come nearest in merit to the three best. All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of The Bystander not later than the first post on Friday, July 1.

THE HAND.

Double Dummy.



A deals.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"Bystander" Fortnightly Bridge Competition

The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played at Double Dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ 8	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

One of the readers of The Bystander, and a competitor in our Competitions, sends me the following hand and question concerning it:

(1) Dummy at love-all declares no trumps. The leader holds:

Hearts. K.
Diamonds. K, 2.
Clubs. A, K, J, 4, 3, 2.
Spades. Q, J, 2.

Ought he to double?

It is entirely for him to choose. If I were the leader in question, I should consider my luck at the time. If I were in the vein, I should double without hesitation. If I were not in the vein, I should not.

I observe that my French *confrère*, "Grand Schlem," author of "Le Bridge," who, I learn, is very properly a careful reader of The Bystander, is quite at one with me as to the need to watch one's luck. "Si vous êtes en veine, il faut être audacieux," he says; "si, au contraire, vous êtes dans une période de malchance, il faut être prudent." *Pace* all opinionated mathematicians, this is very sound advice.

ASCOT: THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE

The Royal Procession up the Course

A Gay Scene in the Paddock

The Connoisseur.

ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES

Under the above alluring title, Mr. C. Lewis Hind has collected some fifty papers of his own, and twenty-four reproductions of pictures, by various hands, in colour and in black and white. The catholicity of his taste and the courage of his adventurous spirit enable him to touch, with the same light but assured hand, the masterpieces of Rodin and the inner meaning of the mystic masters of the Rhine Valley, the etchings of Méryon, the mezzotint by Prince Rupert, the work of the Flemish Primitives, and the masters of Japanese colouring, and, incidentally, a hundred other subjects as vast and complicated. That he is a competent or incompetent critic of the work of artistic ages has nothing to do with the case. He has loosened his soul among the masterpieces (and lesser works), and gives us the result with perfect candour and simplicity of intention, although his style is sometimes a little *posé*, and his method of expressing a very modest or rather worn idea just a trifle pontifical. He believes that his excursions in the galleries of Europe have helped him to a better understanding of the few fundamental truths which, he considers, give meaning to art as to life. As he says of the "competent craftsman," his personality envisages all he does, informing it with himself for better or worse; his view of art and his own attitude towards it is serious enough, but, fortunately, when he comes to dealing with his many-sided subjects, the journalistic instinct takes the place of philosophic reason, and he becomes gay and amusing. As a whole, "Adventures Among Pictures" (A. and C. Black) will greatly delight the amateur of the arts in the making. It will interest such a one to compare his own experiences in the presence of Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procris" with those of Mr. Hind, and to correct his impressionistic guide, or his own views, as he reads the admirable papers on Velasquez, Benvenuto, or, to mention a different world, Mr. Foottet. Of this last artist's picture, "The Shepherdess," cleverly reproduced in colour, Mr. Hind says:

A Head, by Auguste Rodin

"Beginning at the base and travelling upwards, the eye wanders over an unhewn, rectangular block of marble, till slowly there emerges from the top a woman's head . . . . but the body is still undisclosed. You are content. It is there, and you realise the delicacy of restraint that stayed the sculptor's hand."—From Mr. Hind's article on Rodin and French Sculpture, in "Adventures Among Pictures." (A. and C. Black)

> Blue and purple it is certainly, but the scheme is so coherent, so harmonious, that it falls gently upon the sight. A flock of sheep graze in the foreground: there is individual drawing in them, but no niggling. They compose into one of the dim masses of the picture, and this mass of animals is balanced by the great luminous cloud lighted from within. . . . Contiguous to the flock is the shepherdess, one with them as

the sheep are one with the grass. The purple of her gown mingles with the purple of the clump of trees under which she stands and the streaks of purple that run through the meadow. It is a picture of morning, that witching hour

"When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray."

That silent shepherdess, in her dim, blue landscape, remained with me.

Happy shepherdess, to have become so nearly attached to the sensitive and appreciative adventurer, and thrice happy reader who can enjoy the pleasant picture and the engaging feeling of the author's "occasional notes," and his own emotions, at one and the same time! This little quotation from Mr. Hind gives his method pretty correctly, and displays its faults, but it does not convey any idea of the vast variety of his book and the charm of many of his experiences.

As regards the colour reproduction, there is a brilliantly successful and suggestive one of the difficult subject, "Venice at Dawn," by Mr. Moffat Lindner; and a skilful one of "Moonrise across the sea," by Mr. Julius Olsson. Somehow, the coloured reproduction given robbed our familiar friend, Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier," of his merriment; and Mr. Cayley Robinson's "To Pastures New" appears a little crude and untrue. Concerning Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lord Ribblesdale, which we reproduce, Mr. Hind says:

Lord Ribblesdale. By J. S. Sargent, R.A.

> Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lord Ribblesdale is, in essence, a more beautiful thing than his vivacious and instantly, but not lastingly, alluring portrait group of "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary and Theo Acheson." The drawing of the group is so dexterous, the painting is so brilliant, the composition so ingenious; and because it is all this, because the group sings and shouts its cleverness, the heart and mind return later, but surely, with a sigh of content, to the quick power and unaffected humility of the Ribblesdale portrait. It has character. It makes no effort to be impressive. It is content to be itself. It waits, ready to give, when you are ready.

The black and white pictures are, without exception, admirable, and the book, from cover to cover, a valuable, often amusing, and finely individual addition to our current writings on Art.

E. M.

Photo by] Wellington College, recently visited by the King [*Dec*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Tribute to Courage

The remarks upon the unspeakable stupidity of men in everything that concerns women, which I penned last week, have been printed. I own I did not expect it. I did not think there would be found a male editor in London who would have the courage to publish any wholesome truth whatever about his own sex. I am glad to know that there is one. I am glad to know that the days of so-called chivalry are not altogether dead. (I shall have something to say about chivalry presently.)

The Vanity of Men

I said something last week about the blatant and self-satisfied ignorance of men upon the subject of women's clothes, which seems to lead naturally to the discussion of Vanity. Men have been dinning it into the world for centuries that woman's is the vain sex. This is one of the most monstrously untrue propositions that has ever been advanced. There may be a vain woman here and there. I dare say there are. It is not improbable. But the universal vanity of Men! Well, there!

A Tip

Now I will give such of my fellow-women as like to accept it, what is known in racing parlance as a "tip." The next time you are taken into dinner by a smart young man, try him, not on the subject of *your* clothes, but of *his*. I assure you, you will get more animation and intelligence out of your partner, and he will talk for longer together—sensibly, that is—than if you had broached any other subject under the sun. He will tell you all about it—where he goes for his hats and coats and boots and shirts, how much he pays for them, how many times he tried on the suit he is wearing, and other uninteresting details of that sort—and he will swallow more unabashed and undiluted flattery on his personal appearance in half an hour than the vainest woman could absorb in a week. When you are tired of the subject—*he* will never be—say to him quietly, "I think you are so sensible to wear a made-up tie. They always look so much neater than those you tie yourself." You will then be able to enjoy ten minutes' rational conversation with your other neighbour, for if he doesn't choke himself at once, it will take him as long as that to recover himself. And if he wants to return to the subject, which he will do, for he has been thoroughly enjoying himself, turn the conversation on to what *you* happen to be wearing. You will soon reduce him to a bored silence.

With Various Proofs

Now this small experiment is absolutely unfailing in its results, but there are hundreds of other ways in which the egregious vanity of Man demonstrates itself. Tell a man that his moral reputation is not what it should be: he will look as pleased as Punch. Tell him he has got a smut on the end of his nose, or that his tie is up over his collar: the beads of perspiration will break out on his brow, and he will look as uncomfortable as if he had been discovered robbing a till. And, speaking generally, nearly everything that a man most prides himself on may be put down to vanity, and nothing else. His strength, for instance! An average gorilla is said to be exactly seven times as strong as a man. But who ever heard of a man showing off his strength to a gorilla? Nobody. Oh no! It is before women, who are not muscularly strong, and have no wish to be, that he loves to display it. And what is that but vanity?

And Illustrations

Nobody can suppose that a man likes getting hurt any more than a woman. Why should he? Yet he is willing to run the risk simply for the sake of being admired. Watch him preening himself when he comes home from hunting, especially if he has tumbled off his horse and got muddy. Look at his conceited bearing when he goes out with a gun. It is true that it may go off any moment and disable him for life, but the risk with modern weapons is said to be very small. (He is careful, of course, not to tell you that!) But, small or great, he is willing to take it as long as one foolish woman is to be found who admires him for doing so.

On Chivalry!

And as to the boasted chivalry that we hear so much about, what is that but another exhibition of Man's Vanity? In the days when it really counted for something, when one knight would poke another knight off his horse with a thing like a heavy punt pole—of course, they both dressed themselves in iron, so as to make it look more dangerous and to get as little hurt as possible!—there was a great deal of parade about doing everything in honour of some lady. It need scarcely be said that the ladies who looked on from the grand stand at this senseless proceeding did not care for it in the least, and would much rather have had the money that was lavished on these tournaments, spent in some more sensible way. There is very little genuine vanity about women, but it stands to reason that if a knight really worshipped a lady, as he pretended to do, he would have pleased her better by presenting her with some small article of jewellery than by knocking another knight off his horse with a pole in front of her. But there you have man's true nature displayed. He simply wanted to show off, and he hit upon the very thin pretext of doing something ostentatious and brave and glorious, for the sake of his lady, because otherwise there would have been no chance of her coming to see him do it. It is all so plain, so pitifully transparent. Man is the vainest creature that ever walked on two legs, and it is time he was told so.

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

In act and deed we are the same, but the old spirit is lacking. An aphorism, this, that has been called forth by the prevailing social season. We are in the very midst of it all now, and are conscientiously pursuing the prescribed course of at homes, dinners, receptions, balls, theatre parties, followed by supper at Prince's, while Ranelagh, Hurlingham and the newer Roehampton rendezvous, have all been "going strong" in representative patronage. Ascot, as I write, is in full swing, while the encouraging progress of the Chinese labour question in South Africa, together with the Japanese War Loan, have rendered the City busy, and, consequently, cheerful. Yet, notwithstanding, we are not as we were, or should have been, formerly, under similar circumstances.

It may be, perhaps, the pendulum has not quite swung back, after the depression of the past few years; but again there comes a still, small voice whispering the possibilities of too much luxury and self-indulgence. Social demands have spread themselves so enormously during the past few years, that incomes, once quite adequate, are now as completely inadequate, and every fresh event spells fresh clothes. Of course, all this means the freer circulation of money; but I shall be drifting into political economy in another minute, the depths of which I have only the dimmest notion, and Ambrosine is already bored to extinction. I, however, am happy in having flung a thought on journalistic waters, which, perchance, I may find in the near future, with some light thrown on its obscurity.

The latest Parisian Coat and Skirt Costume, in grey beige, the collar faced with pale orchid velvet

Some Ascot Confections

We have talked Ascot gowns *ad nauseam*, and have conducted not a few of these toilettes to a successful issue. One of the most attractive is a black taffetas mousseline, the full skirt elaborately ruched to above the knees, and completed by the quaintest fichu pelerine, that is really half bolero, the point back and front disappearing beneath a high draped *ceinture* of the silk, which also controls the fulness of a deeply tucked, heavily spotted cream net blouse, arranged with generously large sleeves.

With this is worn a very piquant black *crin*, the new double quality, the back turned smartly upwards right on to the crown, which is completely circled by a pale blue Nell Gwynne feather. It is the back view of this gown, however, that affords us the greatest glow of pride, an outspreading black velvet bow uniting the base of the pelerine and summit of *ceinture*, a similar bow completing the upturned brim of the *chapeau*. And we have instructed that the hair shall be dressed in that *chic* French coil, held by one of the new battlemented tortoiseshell combs.

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We have also sent a muslin on an assured career of conviction; this was quite an inexpensive little frock, as such things go, of mauve and white muslin, the skirt arranged with a plethora of little crossway frills to the knee, a decorative scheme again found in fichu form on the corsage, outlining a clear chemisette of Mimosa lace. As for its completion, we dictated one of these immensely smart *plateaux* in white French straw, the back caught up in great folds and pleats, and trailed with mauve and pink wistaria, a positive fringe of these flowers resting quite low down on to the hair.

It is little short of heroic, the way we have seized every possible moment to exploit muslins. More often than not, we have been glad to enshroud our shivering forms in fur capes and heavy wraps; but the inner consciousness of wearing the ideal of our best affections affords a satisfaction a woman alone is able to appreciate.

The muslin gown is divided into two distinct types, the immensely simple and extravagant, and the over-elaborated and cheap. Why the cheap, ready-made model should invariably run to a plethora of indifferent decoration is a mystery we have never been able to solve. And the muslin confection to be avoided is assuredly such as these. The provincial girl is sadly prone to fall under their influence, and, frankly, we have very little pity for her in these prolific days of illustrated fashion papers. But, anyway, the cheap little muslin frock is a complete delusion, and, relatively speaking, about the most costly indulgence possible.

A Smart Spotted Muslin Blouse

Sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred and Co., Ltd.

Everyone admits the initial charm of muslin in its freshness, and yet, to those who know, the very mention of the glibly described little muslin frock, that is to cost only a few shillings, suffices to conjure up visions of an inevitable draggle-tail order. Almost we are disposed to think there is nothing more utterly poverty-stricken than a muslin frock, stinted of material, and made up over some cotton lining. And this is no overdrawn picture, especially created to point a moral, but a fact of daily occurrence, and in circles that really and truly should evince more intelligent perception.

Illustrating the very latest Parisian vogue is our original design this week, of a coat and skirt costume, the former close fitting and tight-sleeved. Our idea for its immediate expression is grey beige, the collar faced with pale orchid velvet, and worn with a *chic* little *chapeau* of white French straw, trimmed shaded mauve roses. We would have you specially note the subtlety of the cut, which allows the centre front just to escape the figure.

The Best Tailor-made Shirts

Are to be found at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. Now there is an emphatic statement, one we do not propose to qualify in the least. In cut, make, material, and finish, these shirts have no rival, while the prices are such as have hitherto been unknown in connection with work turned out by authenticated sartorial masters. From 9*s.* 6*d.* to one guinea is the approximate range, the cost, of course, varying according to the quality of the material, but half-a-guinea hits a splendid mean, and includes an immense choice in the prevailing canvas fancies, both plain and spotted delaines, spotted, striped, and covered with an all-over floral or Paisley design, Oxford gauzes, and a quite charming silk and Egyptian cotton mixture, entitled Japleen. A matte Oxford again appeals as eminently desirable, and quite the right thing in the right place; as also a Newmarket shirting, something resembling zephyr in appearance, but slightly heavier in quality, and, consequently, more amenable to tailoring treatment.

And these are but a few picked out of a selection that runs into four figures. Added to which, the firm have worked out a self-measurement form that is simplicity itself, from which they guarantee a fit.

Although we have always the tailor shirt with us to a greater or lesser extent (this despite the shockingly inadequate supply until Shoolbred came to the rescue), a serious impetus is being afforded it just now, which may be directly traced to the return to the hard, white linen collar, while an influence, not quite so obvious, but most assuredly there, is the pending advent—over here—of the close-fitting, tight-sleeved coat. Hence our anxiety to put all our friends of The Bystander in speedy touch with the best in this fashionable regard.

Sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's

June 27 will be a memorable day, and every woman who desires to experience the nearest equivalent to securing something for nothing, should make

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NORFOLK (near Norwich). 1 mile from a station.—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer months, a magnificently situate RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception & 9 bed & dressing rooms, bath (h. & c.), pretty grounds close to river, boating & fishing. Moderate rent. (12,312)

ISLE OF THANET.—Within 9 miles of Canterbury, to be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a well built modern RESIDENCE, commanding uninterrupted views of and and sea. Comprises: large square hall, billiard room, library, dining and drawing rooms, 12 bedrooms, stabling for 5 with rooms over, paddocks and ground in all 40 acres, several cottages and farms at present let. Price, £10,000. (12,311)

£3,000 for a FARM, situate in a pretty part of Sussex, extending over 75 acres, the residence, with 3 reception and 14 bedrooms, good stabling, cottage and outbuildings. Mill, etc., trout stream. Photo and plan. (12,047)

SEVENOAKS AND TONBRIDGE (between).—To be LET, on lease, a fine RESIDENCE, with billiard, 3 reception, & 23 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.; large stabling with rooms over, extensive gardens, grounds, farm, & buildings; cottages. Land in all, 280 acres, with an additional 2,000 acres of good shooting. Residence would be let Furnished. (12,271)

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a point of going early to the sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, which commences on that date. An illustrated catalogue, specially compiled for the purpose, is well worth securing in advance, as one gleans from that a helpful indication as to the genuine bargains that are to prevail.

But this sale invariably strikes the genuine note, and we would especially draw attention to the hundred odd skirt and dress lengths in silk Eolienne, silk and wool voiles, double width crêpe de Chines, etc., which will be cleared at nearly half price. Now here is an opportunity indeed, for those who, with the best of the summer still before them, with its galaxy of garden parties, desire to procure the component parts of a really recherché little gown. Coloured silks of most immediately desirable style, commence at 1*s.* 11½*d.* a yard, and foulards—which have received a quite unexpected impetus in the modistic world—are specially reduced.

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The outfitting department, again, has special claims on the woman who is really fastidious, and since time and space alike press, we must refer you to page 12 in the catalogue, where stand revealed a list of temptations it would be positive foolishness to resist, for such opportunities are of the rarest occurrence. So once more note the date, Monday, June 27, and the address, Peter Robinson, Regent Street.

The Menu

There are many ways of cooking salmon, but, after all, what is better than a well-flavoured mayonnaise? It is a capital dish for supper on Sunday night, and can be prepared by a parlourmaid of average intelligence, when it happens to be Mrs. Cook's "night out," and the former's turn to stay at home—but remember that much of the success of the mayonnaise depends upon the careful mixing of the oil.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

Remove all bones and skin from the fish, and arrange it neatly in a silver dish. Make a mayonnaise sauce, as directed below, and have some lettuce, cress, cucumber, and hard-boiled egg ready. Shortly before the salmon is required, pour the mayonnaise sauce over. It should be sufficiently solid to coat the fish thickly. Garnish with sieved yolk of egg and coralline pepper, arranged in alternative cross bars. Surround with shred lettuce, sliced cucumber, and cress, and garnish at intervals with slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg. Do not let the fish and salad lie for any length of time in the sauce, or they will become sodden. The dish only takes a few minutes to put together if all the ingredients are to hand.

GOOD MAYONNAISE SAUCE

To make mayonnaise sauce, first rinse the basin in very cold water, and make the sauce in a cool place, if possible, keeping the basin on ice while you mix the sauce. See that the oil is perfectly good, and of the very best quality, and add it drop by drop. This is important, otherwise the sauce may curdle. Use the very best vinegar, white wine vinegar for choice, as a very little of this will suffice and prevent the sauce from becoming thin. If the mayonnaise must be made long beforehand, add two tablespoonfuls of liquid aspic to three gills of mayonnaise, and if a very stiff sauce is required for garnishing, still more aspic will be required. Put the yolks of two raw eggs in a basin, and add to them a pinch of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, and half a teaspoonful of French and English mustard in the dry state, and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Work these together, then stir in drop by drop three gills of olive oil. When quite thick, add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and two dessertspoonfuls of the best vinegar drop by drop. Then set in a cool place or on ice until required. In case the sauce curdles, the yolk of another egg must be beaten up and the curdled sauce added to it little by little. For my own taste I find that one dessertspoonful of vinegar is sufficient, and that the sauce is improved by rubbing the basin in which it is mixed with a slice of onion. If there are any remains of the salmon mayonnaise, they may be re-served in aspic jelly, thus: Remove all of the salad and put the fish and sauce away on a clean plate. When required, pound it with the sauce to a paste, mixing with it any yolk of egg there may be. Chop the white of egg finely. Line a mould, or several moulds, with aspic, and just before it sets quite hard, decorate with the chopped white of egg. Whip up the pounded salmon with a little whipped cream and some salt. Fill the moulds, and pour a little aspic over. Serve garnished with freshly sliced cucumber.

SWEETBREAD CUTLETS

Soak the sweetbreads in salt and water to cleanse them. Plunge them into boiling stock and let them boil rapidly till done. Place them on a drainer and leave them to get cold. Skim off all superfluous fat and gristle, and mince with them some thick slices of cooked ham. For twelve cutlets, use the grated rind of one lemon, the white of one egg, and the yolks of two well beaten, a little pepper and salt to taste, and a couple of small onions chopped fine; well mix and form into cutlets; egg and breadcrumb them some hours before they are wanted Dish with peas in the centre.

DUCK EN CASSEROLE

Cut the duck into neat joints, and having browned them in clarified fat, place in the casserole dish with some good gravy made from the giblets and carcase. Cover, and cook slowly in the oven for one and a quarter hours. Add a little more gravy when half that time has elapsed. When cooked, strain off the gravy, free it from fat, and pour it over the duck again.

CLARET JELLY

One ounce gelatine, ½ pint water, 1 pint claret, 1 wineglassful brandy, 1 teacupful of red currant jelly, 1 lemon, ½lb. white sugar. Soak the gelatine in cold water for four hours, put it in a stewpan and stir till dissolved. Add the sugar, claret, thin peel and strained juice of the lemon, and red currant jelly. Simmer till the sugar is dissolved. Boil five minutes; let it stand five minutes, then strain till clear. Add the brandy and pour it into a damp mould with a hole in the centre. This jelly should be quite red and clear. Turn it out and fill the centre with whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla. EMILIA.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Grand Bazaar will be held in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, S.W., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 21, 22, 23, at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, W., under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, who has graciously consented to be present on the opening day. The object of the Festival is to raise £13,000 to complete and furnish the new wards, and open them free from debt. Also, £3,000 in new annual subscriptions for the maintenance of this extension. The stalls, about thirty in number, will each represent some well-known nursery rhyme or fairly tale. Special children's *tableaux*, and a unique exhibition of wild and tame animals, including specimens of rare birds, are being arranged. Shooting competitions at fixed and movable targets, and putting competitions will be arranged, on real turf greens. A grand ball is to be held at the close of the bazaar. Tickets £1 1*s*. each, including a champagne supper, can be obtained from the Social Bureau, 30, New Bond Street, W.

The Mermaid Society

The Mermaid Society's pastoral performances, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, will this year be given in the beautiful garden of Thorpe Lodge, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, by permission of Captain Montagu Norman. The programme will consist of Milton's mask of *Comus* and of Ben Jonson's mask, *The Hue and Cry After Cupid*. The performances will be given for six evenings, beginning on Thursday, June 23, and will begin on each evening at nine o'clock. The public may purchase tickets at the offices of the Society, 3, Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall, or at the gardens at the time of the performances.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"She that Hesitates." By Harris Dickson. (Ward Lock.) 6*s*

"Under the Rose." By Frederic S. Isham. With Coloured Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. (Ward Lock.) 6*s*.

"The Great Proconsul." By Sydney C. Grier. (W. Blackwood and Sons.) 6*s*.

"Broke of Covenden." By J. C. Snaith. (Constable.) 6*s*.

"Enid." By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Constable.) 6*s*.

Our Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, is a delicately tinted reproduction of an original painting by Mr. Stephen Spurrier, to whose work readers of THE BYSTANDER are hardly strangers. The title, "One Summer's Day," is fitly suggestive, and the wealth of blossoms and the sunshine bring envy to the heart of the imprisoned town-dweller.

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RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowlegment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

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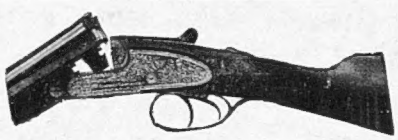

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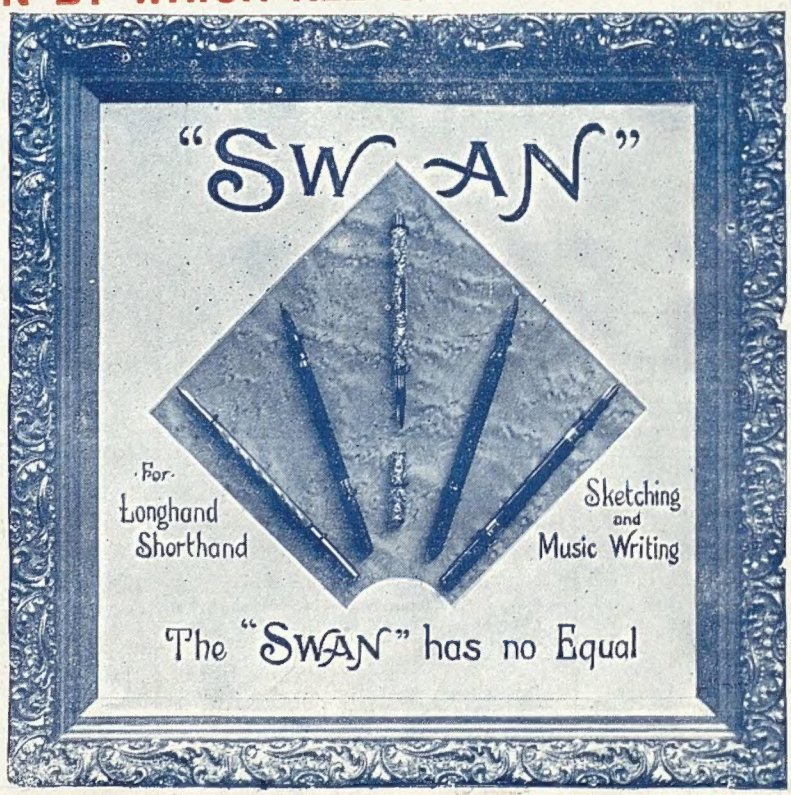

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